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SWITZERLAND: ON THE ROAD.

BY ROBERT M. RICHARDSON.

BURIED in sleep a thousand fathoms deep, or in semi-lucent reveries deeper still, I had rolled on in the Eilwagon for leagues, when we were all aroused by the rattling wheels which announced our entry in the streets of BRUGG. Sweet opal of a town by day! but now opaque and inscrutable to my vainly-widening eyes. The lanterns flit noiselessly by, suspended from invisible hands. There is a rattling of chains as the ready-harnessed horses are brought forth and hitched to our lumbering land-ark.

So this is BRUGG already; we got in at Zurich. LORD, how I must have slept *ad interim*! And oh! how like the sensation of the robe of Nessus it is to wake in an Eilwagon after these alternating hours of rest and unrest, with uncomfortable clothes clinging greedily to your unanointed skin; your unwashed eye-lids struggling open to transmit a cloudy ray of consciousness to your unrefreshed soul! But whoop! there goes the howling horn of the yellow-breasted postillion. 'To my truckle-bed,' as Mercutio says. What man hath once done, that can he do again.

Vive la Diligence! in all countries and under all nomenclature. It is by the *diligence* you travel; by rail-road you merely arrive. But in beholding these monstrous oblong cars as they peregrinate over the pave and astound pedestrians with their thunder, every one, were he the sturdiest of conservatives, must be convinced that institutions do progress, and at no mean rate, even in the slowest of countries.

What an institution it is! How admirable in its appointments! How accurate and excellent its administration; its system of powers, of checks, of balances!

First, there is the *conductor*; so called in the language of *messagerie*, because he conducts nothing at all; a kind of *roi faneant*, to whom pertain the responsibility and badges of empire, while the reins of government are relinquished to the custody of a vizier. Indeed, regarding the *diligence* as his proper realm, the grave charge of *absenteeism*

is frequently to be laid at the conductor's door ; for having, as already stated, absolutely nothing to conduct, he passes a great portion of his administration in aerial exercises, or in the pursuit of fair frailty and tobacco-pipes on the road. In all the practices of *vaulting* ambition, it must be allowed that the squirrel and kangaroo are both clumsy animals, compared with this chief magistrate of a *diligence*. He runs upon the wheels as Naphthali over the unbending corn : now in at a window : now beneath the vehicle ; and now leaping phlegmatically to the summit of the remotest trunk aloft — an attitude of almost twenty feet above the level of the highway — to the exquisite jeopardy of neck and limb, and to the certain destruction of his pipe.

Then comes the blue-shirted driver, in whose existence there are two equally-alternating epochs, that during which his pipe is in his mouth ; and that during which his pipe is in his cap.

It is the POSTILLION who gives life to the locomotion. The prancing, the breaks, the bounds, the oaths, the drinks, the crackings of whips and jokes, the poetry of the *diligence*, in fine, are all his deed. In all countries of the continent it is his principal privilege at each relay to dismount and arouse the somniferous passenger by yelling in his ear, 'Gentlemen, forget not the postillion, *if you please!*' Some of the most successful cases of getting 'kicked to the ancient Henry' on record have had their origin in this same abused prerogative.

The Swiss postillion is noted for a shorter pipe and a longer whip than the rest of his profession. He also is known to make his demand for *pourboire* with even more frequency, perhaps on account of the rarefaction of his climate and its influence. An ingenious traveller of a scientific turn once established a two-fold method, through which the rate of motion, and the distance from place to place, may be accurately estimated by a series of very simple observations upon the postillion's movements. As follows :

The *rate of motion* may be readily calculated by counting the oscillations of his elbows, which flop with a regular movement to and fro on the postillion's flanks, comparing, at the same time, the beatings of your pulse, which may be assumed to mark seventy-two pulsations a minute. The *distance* may be arrived at with equal simplicity by noting how often you are called upon for *pourboire*, reducing the intervals to leagues or miles. With the *queue* of the postillion we have at present nothing to do.

STAGE-CHARACTERS.

ALL farther speculations upon the *diligence* were suddenly arrested as we drew up at ——— ; but I forget the name, and have not the map to consult. It is an unmentionable little town (*Swissishly* speaking) famous for its *galette* — a kind of indigestible cake, no doubt highly recommended by the local physicians. Here most of our party laid in a supply of drinkables and comestibles enough to provision a yacht for a long voyage, neglecting neither of those delicate and savory viands of travelling-diet, *pâté de fois gras* and cheese. In the days of which I write there were wars, or rather rumors of wars ; and at this post a large band of *Gendarmerie* was kept employed in the martial tactics of overhauling passports.

Gendarmerie! glorious branch of military service, ever drenched in the beer of the country where ye serve! whose minds are never molested; whose sleep is never invaded, save by the clatter of the *diligence* as it rolls past this station, or by the neighing of the matutinal horse who clamors for his first repast! *Gendarme!* I see you now, fine fellow, inclining with respectful leer over my greasy passport, by the wan light of a lantern at the magic hour of night. Politeness is to you what courage was to Ney — your nature — my gallant friend, for as such shall I ever regard you.

The best evidence of the utility of the passport, and of the fidelity of its description to the owner, is the embarrassment which the *Gendarme* experiences on attempting to restore to each one his papers. Like Sganarelle among the doctors, he is utterly distracted in the forest of all kinds of hair, in the anomalous collection of 'medium noses' and 'moderate chins.' He usually commences by allotting blonde to black, Roman to pug; and invariably concludes by inviting each gentleman to help himself to his own. On the present occasion, a solemn smile stole from beneath the moustaches and lit up the lantern-jaws of a haggard old huzzar as he found himself in possession of a handsome Frenchman's document, while the latter gave rise to a low blasphemous noise as he was presented with the word-portrait of an ugly Austrian.

This incident reminds me that, contrary to all literary etiquette, I have neglected to introduce my *compagnons de voyage* to my reader. My apology, honored friend, is that (beyond a slight after-dinner study, 'twixt sleep and waking, while the others were in a similar disposition) I have hardly become acquainted myself. As we are once more in motion, I look around again by the rays of two lamps fitfully struggling through the dense atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, and proceed to examine their appearance.

An angler for oddities can light upon no stream or pond of human life which yields him subjects more readily than a public conveyance on the continent. Here they are to be found as in a fish-trunk, collected and waiting to be caught — Saxon, Thor, Hun, and Gaul are grouped together.

Precisely; just as I left them. There was the old Prussian, sitting immobile as if hewn out of granite, and enveloped in the concentric wreaths of smoke which gushed with elephantine respiration in and out of his lips, whence depended his heavy meerschaum. Beneath the unimaginable stolidity of his countenance protruded the massive double and triple chin, like the ponderous slabs beneath an Egyptian portal.

There reclined the Frenchman with his *cordon*, still slumbering; or every time he awoke it was to murmur *quelle triste vie!* and to compose himself on the other side. There, too, sat the tall meditative Pole, starch in uniform, wrapped in silence and smoke, his coat flaunting with as many colors and decorations as a flag-ship. But the *militaire* who could no doubt repose soundly upon a *shakedown*, had hardly succeeded in closing his eyes in our slow wagon.

Immediately opposite was slouched a Germanic individual endowed with a description of ugliness not of this world. Most mortals we meet with are at least 'of the earth, earthy,' in their ill-looks, but *his* seemed

to belong to the sea. There was something weird and formidably incongruous in his ill-assorted lineaments. It was as if, when fishing far from land and ordinary life, one should suddenly discover at the end of his line a monster of the deep whose preternatural aspect and contortions fill him with dismay. Years of acquaintance might fail to assure you that he was invested with every-day humanity. No familiarity could accustom, no philosophy could reconcile one to the abandoned woe and wildness of his face. A professional ghost-seer would hesitate long before venturing alone in the dark with this incarnate nightmare. The writer's pen, even now, recoils from the unwholesome and unavailing effort of embodying with description such elements of frightfulness as lay disordered in his visage. True, I might possibly sketch the surface of his countenance, which some unheard-of disease had embroidered as elaborately as could any Feejee cosmetic; true it is, that I *might* convey an idea of his nose by likening it to a coarse Roman Mosaic of a shapeless ruin; or of his eyes, by describing the black poop-port-holes of a mouldering wreck, with the rusty muzzles of the displaced cannon peeping piratically through; this much *may* be possible, but Mr. Catlin himself, the painter of the ugliest Indians in creation, would have broken ignobly down had he attempted a *complete* portrait. Indeed, I fear it seemed as if those very features, horrid though they were, had actually broken down with frailty in their hopeless office of giving expression to the more than Mokanna horrors which yet lurked behind in all their native deformity.

A loquacious Englishman is too notable a personage to pass over. Confound him! there was he, too, prating on in the same mood, tense, and person. Like most loquacious Angles, he talked *sumptuously*: he lied, he spread, he engrossed. A great capital I, was the constant text of his discourses. If ever he desisted for a moment, it was only to produce an immense repeater, which he took care to make strike at least every half hour, much to the annoyance of every body. Each cessation of his croaking voice was the simultaneous signal for the repeater, which at such times would give forth a prophetic sound. Sometimes, after putting it up and pulling it forth afresh half a dozen times, he would stoop and examine it as curiously as if about to dive into a new system of logarithms; anon, applying a *lorgnon* beneath the supernal bone of his left eye, he would incline his corresponding ear into the nicest contiguity with the closed case. No doubt its lame tickings discoursed to his charmed soul music more sweet than the softest mandolin.

At such times, the Frenchman would rouse and shake as though 't were fit the spell should break of this protracted dream.' The need of repose which had shut the lids of his drooping blue eyes, gradually widened the black circles around them. With a renewed sigh and reflection upon the *triste vie* which so oppressed him, he occasionally passed around a wicker-covered pocket-pistol of a brighter and more palpable essence than the all-pervading pipe-clouds, being a remarkably sound cognac. *Nemine contradicente.*

STAGE-SCENES.

RAIN, rain, rain. It oozed through the panes. The wind screamed around us as if every mountain in Switzerland was working a pair of Borean bellows, and every glacier were dissolving into storm. The Eilwagon kept careening more and more; the luggage frequently being displaced. Through the chilly disorder of wind, mist, and rain, I could occasionally obtain a glimpse of the watery road beneath the ghastly glare of the outside lamps; it was the only thing that appeared to remain firm.

A general *reveill  * now took place simultaneously with a tremendous jolt, which sent all inside a-bounding half off their seats.

'AM RHEIN!' ejaculated the Germanics all three at once; thus completing the first dozen words which they had conjointly uttered since we bade adieu to the waters and daughters of Zurich. It was, indeed, the first dim view (or rather faint sound) of the 'beauteous and abounding river,' the rushing Rhine, taken from near STEIN.

As soon as the patriots had done making 'big eyes' at the national stream of glory, the window suddenly closed, and the company again fell to smoking without a word, in order to repel the invasion of respirable air which the 'view' had so unduly adhibited.

'Delicious air that!' observed the Englishman, looking wistful and disappointed at the abrupt exclusion of the north-easter, to which this compliment was dedicated.

'Um!' grunted the old Austrian monster, who seemed blessed with *un grand talent pour le silence*.

'Will you take a glass of wine with us?' asked the Prussian, offering a thick bottle of thin fluid to his neighbor, the Frenchman. '*Sans refus*; kind PROVIDENCE has made me wake with an excellent thirst.'

'Et moi aussi,' added the Pole, as he filled his pipe afresh and commenced singing *in petto*.

'*J'ai du bon tabac.*'

Here the Frenchman lit a villainous cigar with a tinder fusil; and now all the company leaned back to indulge undisturbedly in the sacred rite of the *pipe*.

I thought that our conveyance, to an out-sider, must have resembled a travelling lime-kiln in active play. I thought of the Turk, who, hearing Casinova, the Venetian Gil Blas, complain of a cold in the head, muttered that the Christian dog was not worthy of such *happiness* (*bonheur*.) A cold is sometimes a blessing, as it was in my case now. Moreover, grace to my Yale education, I had early contracted a callousness to the operation of any possible compression of bad tobacco-smoke in any given space, which happily rendered me proof against the worst efforts of my present comrades. At all events, the extreme of dry heat was more grateful than the extreme of chill-moisture which reigned without. I thought of Montesquieu, who said, 'You may change the laws or betray the liberty of a people if you please, but venture not to meddle with their pleasures.' I thought of the singular relation between the German language and the practice of the pipe. The German is recommended a *change of air*; does he travel for it? No; he stays

at home and *changes his pipe*. The driver smokes ; the passengers smoke ; the horses smoke ! smoke ! smoke ! every body smokes, and every thing. The postillion divides his melodious powers between his two *wind-instruments* — his horn and pipe. From the instrument of suction he inhales enough inspiration to surcharge the instrument of sound, and to burst a fuming blast upon the startled air. His whole performance is a wind-and-smoke duet, composing an Æolian blow-pipe, or rather *horn-pipe* for his horses to dance by.

We are in Cloudland now. Smoking, the Turks say, is a spiritual, not a sensual pleasure. When you fill your pipe you feel pleasure. To what sense do you attribute this, if not to your soul ? and is there no emotion in viewing the ashes which remain ? But the chief delight consists in the *air-scape* of smoke. It ought never to spring from your pipe, but always from the corners of your mouth, at soft and measured intervals. Why do not blind men smoke ? 'T is because the windows of the soul, their eyes, are closed. The most imaginative nations, therefore, smoke pipes. Pipe-clouds are to them exactly what mists are to mariners, or other illusions to other men ; nor do I believe it ever necessary to rob poor mortals of any illusion that yields them happiness.

I thought of this, and I looked at the Englishman. Poor John Bull, however amphibious in an opposite element, was evidently no salamander. I thought his twinkling eyes were tinted a trifle more ruby even than his florid face as he drew forth a broad-bladed knife with a dry-cough, and betook himself to hacking a *terrene* of fat goose-liver ; or allayed the increasing irritation of his thorax by washing down various viands with many a lusty pull at some strange fluid, the nature of which I do not know.

'Gentlemen,' said he, at last, clearing his throat violently, his voice striding through the universal fog and silence toward the Pole. 'Hem ! I must confess my sensations are not unlike those of the poor goose as he underwent his martyrdom in the cause of this *paté*, over a slow fire. Perhaps, Sir, you will oblige me by sharing it, and at the same time raising the window.'

Neither the atrocious attempt at facetiousness nor the accompanying clause of invitation had the slightest influence on the Pole, who still sat with his chin in the air like a *vidette*. Indeed, the generosity was too plainly suggested by selfishness to have the desired effect. And much less were the others of the company (who had been offered no *refusal of paté*) disposed to act in his service. The old Austrian monster put on a grimace compared with which the look of Lucifer must have resembled benevolence and Moloch a Samaritan saint. The Frenchman, with gay malevolence, whispered a quotation from Brillat Savarin, '*Dis moi ce que tu manges et je te dirai ce que tu es ;*' and the heavy Prussian growled out '*Potstausend !*' with a magnificent emphasis that shook the stage.

The statement of the case is this : With the martial consequence of most of his travelling countrymen, John Bull had been entertaining himself aloud between the interstices of his repeater and *paté* by recapitulating the great battles of the last two centuries. Of course his victories and generalship were English. Marlborough was made to go

over his wonderful campaigns once more ; William was seen again prancing into the midst of his banded foes ; and the cocked hat of Wellington diffused an *auréole* by no means too agreeable to the attentive Gaul. The Bull seemed to have all the grand engagements at his finger-ends ; you would have imagined that he had taken a prominent part in each, as he rattled them off in a kind of triumphant voluntary. He had contrived to give dire offence to each and every one of us before he talked half an hour. As the important conflicts in which the German star lost ascendancy were disposed of like so many percussion-caps, the forbearing old monster and the Pole contented themselves with filling their pipes at each fresh engagement, as if disdaining to waste breath in words. At length he made bold to withdraw Napoleon from his estate of conqueror, from Jena, Austerlitz, and Wagram, and to pit him in the much-contended game with Wellington.

‘Pooh ! talk of Waterloo ! I tell you that *we ourselves* won all that battle. I tell you the Prussians did absolutely nothing. Blucher came up in time only to save his credit and to carry off a lion’s share of the laurels. I tell you Boney was beaten already, dead beat. History shows that. Remember I have been myself all over the field, enough to establish the proofs, I should think ; HEAVEN knows. Nap could beat any thing on earth but British bayonets, I grant. His old guard was invincible, and all that ; but I tell you that a hedge of Sheffield ware, backed by a heavy English regiment, was the one thing he could never pass. Do n’t I tell you the Prussians were six to one at Montmirail and Jena ? Our English were the only *horses* that did n’t snuff defeat as Ney charged on them.’

The expression of the Bull during this ebullition of patriotism and eloquence, was pale custard, so sweet, so soft, so insipid. A blood ennobled by a tributary stream of Markbrunner, mantled in the Prussian’s cheeks. The Frenchman also wore a stormy brow.

‘Now here,’ resumed the narrator, as after much fumbling in abysmal pockets, he produced, among other articles of ‘bigotry and virtue,’ (Mrs. Partington for *bijouterie* and *virtu*) a handful of stray bullets and rusty relics, which no doubt he had either purloined or purchased upon some field of fame. ‘You see these trophies ; they were given me by my mother’s cousin, Captain the honorable George, who gathered them at the foot of Mont Saint Jean, where he stood full three hours in the thick of the fight. I tell you he was bullet-proof. I tell you’——

‘*Sacre nom de dieu !*’ shouted the furious Frank, dashing the collection to his feet, ‘*ça ne me regarde pas.*’

‘Well, well, your pardon, Sir ; perhaps I was inconsiderate,’ responded the imperturbable Bull, picking up his curiosities, and consoling himself with his repeater. ‘These things are trifles after all, like the ribbons and orders which you gentlemen of the continent wear ; of no use to any one, although they please their possessors. Now it seems to me this *furore* for baubles argues a corruption of morals. I tell you it originates in venality of governments and the vanity of men. Governments sell decorations, and courtiers, forsooth, will accept them as titles to distinction. I tell you that the less a man stands honorably in his own conscience, the more he aims to appear *distingué* in the eyes of

his fellow-men. I tell you this as one man speaking to another, and without offence. In France they pretend to reward *merit* with orders, so that every body buys one who pleases. In fact, all the French are imitative animals, and so the men all set to work decorating themselves, just like their emperor Napoleon, who set an example by stepping forth at his coronation and putting the crown on with his own hands. Now an Englishman, you will notice, wears no such *crachats*’ —

‘*Ma foi ! c’est bien distingué,*’ interrupted the *Français*, a singular smile lighting up his countenance which a moment ago had been dark as Jura. I could not help remarking the sudden alteration in his whole demeanor ; nor could I conjecture at the time that the change was occasioned by a secret inspiration of malice.

It was pretty plain, in the mean while, that the Saxon potations were doing their work on the Bull’s head in the dense dry atmosphere.

‘I would entreat you, *meinheer*, not to cock your pistol in my face,’ observed the monster, fixing his grave eyes full upon our hero, who was now busy overhauling a small private arsenal from among the contents of his *sac de nuit*.

‘Ow !’ ejaculated the latter, with a side-start from his appalling interlocutor. ‘Quite unintentional, believe me, Sir. Beside, gentlemen, I am the last person to have recourse to desperate means, although I am familiar enough with them, too, on occasion. I make it a rule always to travel armed. I tell you a gentleman always should ; one commands more respect when he journeys well armed, and it is ever as well to go prepared.’

‘To be forewarned is better than to be forearmed,’ interposed the Pole, significantly.

‘Will you do me honor to accept a cigar ?’ asked the Parisian, lighting a peculiarly bad one on his own account.

‘I never smoke,’ answered the Bull, munching something out of a brown paper.

‘I do,’ remarked the Prussian, quietly, as a volume, like a rushing avalanche, issued from the gorge amid his beard.

‘Whew !’ sighed the Bull, nearly slitting his breast open with his broad cheese-dirk-knife, during a dodge to avoid suffocation.

‘Fine travelling this,’ monologised the tranquil Pole, corking the wicker-bottle, which had now suffered the last stage of depletion.

‘*Potstausend ! yaw !*’ moaned the spiritual Prussian, without relaxing his hold on the prodigious pipe.

‘—————,’ grunted the monster, eloquently, through his short pipe.

‘The air *is* delicious ; it reminds me of the *Puerta del Sol*,’ declared the Frenchman, looking at Bull with a face full of triumphant mischief. ‘*N’est ce pas monsieur l’Anglais ?*’

‘Certainly,’ sputtered our hero, with a doubtful eye, helping himself to a somewhat thinner slice. ‘Oh ! certainly, what *Puerta* ?’

‘Ah ! the *messieurs Anglais* like information — a good sign. The *Puerta* is an ancient place in Madrid where the *élite* of the citizens resort, enveloped in mantles, to bask in the light of the sun and the luxury of a *cigarille*. But here, you perceive, we have the supervening

pleasure of locomotion ; in the best society and tobacco (bowing to the company and their pipes) one finds himself again in the golden age.'

A gratulatory bow and a replenished bottle were passed all round on the heels of this delightful sentiment.

'Well, *de gustibus non*,' muttered the Bull, in under-tone, preparing to dispose of the unfinished fragments of his supper out the window, which he took great precaution to leave open. But a great pudgy hand was poked forth on the part of the monster, and the casement instantly fell as low as the countenance of John Bull himself. Fortunately for him, at this juncture we entered RHEINFELDE.

SONG OF LABOR : THE MINER.

The eastern sky is blushing red,
The distant hill-top glowing ;
The brook is murmuring in its bed,
In idle frolics flowing :
'Tis time the pick-axe and the spade
And iron 'Tom' were ringing ;
And with ourselves, the mountain's stream,
A song of labor singing.

The mountain air is cool and fresh ;
Unclouded skies bend o'er us ;
Broad placers, rich in hidden gold,
Lie temptingly before us :
Then lightly ply the pick and spade
With sinews strong and lusty :
A golden 'pill' is quickly made,
Wherever claims are 'dusty.'

We ask no magic MIDAS' wand,
Nor wizard-rod divining ;
The pick-axe, spade, and brawny hand
Are sorcerers in mining :
We toil for hard and yellow gold,
No bogus bank-notes taking ;
The bank, we trust, though growing old,
Will better pay by *breaking*.

There is no manlier life than ours,
A life amid the mountains,
Where from the hill-sides, rich in gold,
Are welling sparkling fountains :
A mighty army of the hills,
Like some strong giant labors
To gather spoil by earnest toil,
And not by robbing neighbors !

When labor closes with the day,
To simple fare returning,
We gather in a merry group
Around the camp-fires burning ;
The mountain sod our couch at night,
The stars shine bright above us ;
We think of home, and fall asleep
To dream of those who love us.

Feather River, Cal.

J. SWETT.

THE OLD POET'S LAMENT.

WHENCE has the spirit of poesy flown
 That its power no longer is mine?
 Why shunned by the heavenly Nine,
 That they no more my numbers own?
 Is it that Time is casting now
 A low'ring cloud-shade on my brow?

Why are the fountains of my youth,
 Whose wellings erst so soon supplied
 The waters of emotion's tide,
 Now parched by that consuming drouth
 Which sears to stone the kindling eye
 That once could moisten at a sigh?

Why now to me no charm in sound,
 How soft so e'er its cadence fall
 On Echo's ear, whose answering call
 Lends rapture to the groves around,
 Till every deep, sequestered glen
 Is vocal with the wandering strain?

Where now the pencils angels use,
 As Evening mounts her throne on high
 Dispensing glory round the sky,
 To paint on clouds the gorgeous hues
 Which are but transient glories given
 To win us to that radiant Heaven?

Where now the electric fire that flowed
 Like lightning in the summer sky,
 When Passion kindled young Love's eye,
 And on the cheek of Beauty glowed,
 Causing the life-tide of the heart
 With rapture's thrill so oft to start?

They're numbered now with pleasures past,
 But dimly traced on memory's page,
 O'er which I drop the tears of age;
 In vain regret that Life's wild blast
 So soon should scatter on my way
 The emblems of my youth's decay.

But as the voyager to some shore
 Of light and beauty o'er the sea,
 Sees home in distance fade away,
 Knowing to *him* 't is home no more,
 And heaves a sigh, while Hope beguiles
 With visions of that land of smiles:

So I, with sorrow, bid adieu
 To all my youth's departing joy;
 In hope of bliss without alloy,
 In that bright land whose distant view
 Like sun-lit mountain-summits seems
 Up-rising in a land of dreams.

N. M. K.

MOULTS FROM THE WING OF A WHITE BLACK-BIRD.

 FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

FEATHER SEVEN.

It took me about six weeks of mental incubation to hatch my first work, which was a complete poem, in no less than forty-eight cantos. Of course, it contained a few slight redundancies, owing to the rapid manner in which it was dashed off; but I reflected with complacency upon the railway and *feuilleton* literature of the day, and beheld in the comparison a reflection of my great success.

The sole subject of my poem was Egomet — I Myself. There was nothing original in that; but then I recounted my past sufferings with copious gushes of sentiment — letting the reader into a vast number of details of the most harrowing nature — to myself. It was in description, however, that I principally shone; that of the sauce-pan on which my mother had nidificated, occupying no less than fourteen cantos. I painted, with magic words, the outside of that cherished utensil. I enumerated, with artistic minuteness, every crack, dinge, and cleft in it; counting the nails, the rust-spots, and the scratches; showing it sideways, edgeways, upside-down, and in every possible point of view. Thence I passed to the interior, where I immortalized each fragment of straw, of grass, and of withered leaf — not forgetting the little bits of stick and of gravel, the drops of water, the mortal remains of departed flies, and the crumbling *débris* of dilapidated cock-chafers. It was an inspired description, couched in language worthy of such an exalted theme; but I took good care not to over-stuff my stanzas with it. People might have skipped it if I had: so I cunningly interlaced it through the narrative, with a twist here and a twist there, following up the most thrilling incident or striking situation with about fifteen stanzas of sauce-pan.

This, I fancy, was a master-stroke of art; but I make no secret of it, preferring to communicate it for the benefit of literary aspirants.

Featherdom was electrified when my poem came out. My vouchsafed revelations were devoured with eagerness; for, not only did I treat my public to an immense mass of personal memoirs, but I even favored them with an outline of all the reveries that had hovered about my head from down-hood; indeed, I made up one page with an ode composed by me whilst still in the egg; a spirited production, setting forth, in trumpet-tones, the necessity for speedily getting rid of the yolk.

I suddenly became famous, dwelling in a fragrant atmosphere of flattery, rendered all the balmier by pleasant showers of complimentary messages, verses, and even declarations of love. But to all such I remained consistently impervious, obstinately shutting myself up from the world in general.

On one occasion, however, I relaxed the severity of my solitude, in

favor of two strangers who called upon me. One was a Senegalese black-bird, and the other, a member of the family from the Wall of China.

'Sir,' cried the Senegalese, with enthusiasm, 'what a black-bird you are, to be sure! I salute you with the respect due to exalted genius! Let me sympathize with your griefs, as I have derived consolation from your pictures of them. Accept this sonnet, as a small tribute of admiration from one whose heart is not entirely smothered by his sorrows.'

'Great poet!' said the Celestial, 'you should have been one of us. Then, your portrait would have been published upon many dishes and plates, as those of my ancestors have been upon the world-wide willow-pattern. Take, in token of my consideration, this little canzonet, composed by my wife upon a passage in your preface.'

'Gentle strangers,' returned I, 'you appear to me to be gifted with minds capable of appreciating true greatness. But, pardon me for asking the cause of the profound melancholy with which you both seem to be so deeply tinged?'

'Ah!' replied he of Senegal, 'do you not perceive the dreadful cause of my deep dejection—the poison of my life-cup—my chronic affliction? Look at me! It is true, that my plumage is well enough to look at; indeed, my neck has been compared, for gorgeousness, to that of a duck: but, then, my bill is ridiculously short, and my feet are much too large; and don't you perceive something painfully ludicrous in the expression of my tail? Why, it is more than one third of my whole length!—a circumstance, you must allow, calculated to adulterate the balmiest auspices of one's existence.'

'And, as for me,' said the Chinese, gloomily, 'harder still is my lot; for, if my brother, here, works out his destiny by sweeping the streets with his tail, the blackguard young sparrows of the gutter jeer at me because I have little or none.'

'My friends,' remarked I, as my visitors hopped about in great apparent mental agony, 'your tales are both touching: there are many good things, indeed, of which it is unfortunate to possess either too much or too little. Let me implore you, however, to take example from the equanimity of those excellent fowls that adorn our popular museums. Stuffed with tow, there they tranquilly abide for ever, troubling not themselves about their tails, and, what is of still greater consequence, perfectly easy on the score of their bills. Another consideration in your favor is, that, with the assistance of your many griefs, you may yet become white; a condition which appears to me to be indispensable to the development of true genius.'

F E A T H E R E I G H T .

THE calm beneath which I strove to conceal my anguish of mind, was entirely affected; for my secret thoughts were of the dreadful isolation to which I was doomed, and the inevitable solitary singleness of my dim future! With the glad spring-time, came increased melancholy; and I was on the point of subsiding into a state of hopeless despondency, when an unforeseen circumstance gave, I may literally say, a decided color to the rest of my existence. A letter reached me by the pigeon-

post from England, in which country my works had become popular ; with the reading public from their merits, and with the host of authors, from the fine field afforded by them for appropriation — ‘cribbing,’ I think they call it upon that side of the Channel. The letter was indited in a female claw, and ran thus :

‘OBJECT OF MY AFFECTIONS : I have perused your effusions, and the deep admiration of the author with which they have imbued my spirit, has wrought me to the resolution of bestowing upon him my pinion and my heart. Physically, as well as intellectually, Heaven has created us for each other ; for I, like you, am indeed a white black-bird.
 ‘Thine, and thine only, MERLETTE.’

Words cannot describe my state of mind upon the receipt of this communication. I hastened to reply to the fair unknown, couching my avowal in a strain which proved us to be already one in spirit. ‘Shall I,’ asked I, ‘fly to you from Paris to England, or will it be more judicious for you to fly to me from England to Paris ?’ — and, as I penned the words, I felt deeply how much depended upon the state of the wind.

She replied, that family circumstances, over which she had no control, rendered it imperative on her to take the initiative ; that she had prepared every thing for flight, and that I might expect her at Paris forthwith.

And when she came, dear me ! I thought it was a little cloud of diamond dust. Pipe-clay would have made a black mark upon her ; she was whiter than the snow-flakes — whiter than I was myself !

‘Beautiful Lily of British growth !’ exclaimed I, with fervor, ‘sanctified to me are my past sorrows, and blessed the by-gone kicks settled upon me by my indulgent parent, since heaven has had in store for me such a consolation as this !’ Hitherto have I deemed eternal solitude to have been my allotted destiny ; but now I already begin to imagine myself surrounded by a numerous progeny. Let us at once have our nuptials performed with due ceremony, but in a private and unpretending fashion ; after which, we can commence our wedding-tour by a short flight to the Alps.’

‘Not so,’ replied she ; ‘on the contrary, I wish our marriage-ceremony to be one of great splendor. Let the private marriages of which you speak, be reserved for the cats of the house-top. Get thee forth to the forests and the fields, and bid all the birds of the air to our festivities.’

The arrangements were made in obedience to the commands of my betrothed ; and, on the following day, our pinions were joined by the Reverend Doctor Cormorant, a fashionable Archbishop from the neighboring sea. The festival was one of Oriental magnificence : all the birds of the air were there, and ten thousand bushels of flies were consumed at the banquet. But every thing was eclipsed by the brilliancy of the ball — which the Pelican of the Wilderness was subsequently heard to characterize as ‘the greatest hop he had seen since the days of the Peacock at home.’

To me, my newly-acquired wife appeared the very ideal of perfection. Probably, some persons might have thought her somewhat headstrong and supercilious, and even a little affected ; but all such manifestations were surely nothing but the lingering effects of her native fog, and would speedily disappear beneath more propitious skies and

milder influences. If any thing occurred which *could* give me a moment's uneasiness, it was her occasional mysterious retirement from the world in general, on which occasions, even I, her lawful spouse, was forbidden her presence; but as, after those little recesses, she always appeared whiter and more radiant than ever, I was fain to take it for granted that the solidity of the English character lent its tone of deliberation even to the affairs of the toilet.

As time wore on, developments of character took place which both astonished and gratified me. In fact, I discovered that my Merlette was an authoress; and, from the specimens of her composition with a sight of which she favored me, I perceived, with delight and gratitude, that I had indeed been so fortunate as to secure a companion whose intellectual endowments rendered her a fitting mate for a bird of my genius. The facility of her efforts in the literary line was remarkable. For her subjects, she usually selected local incidents of the historico-dramatic class, such as the domestic tragedies in private life which occasionally transpire within the limited circle of the frog-pond; and once, I recollect, a harrowing case of suicide by a lizard, furnished her with material for a thrilling poem. In her graver satires, she never neglected to aim a passing blow at the existing government, while she dilated upon the liberty of the subject. No scruples of conscience, no doubts or misgivings on the score of information, ever checked her in her onward career of letters. She was, in truth, the very type and representative of the literary, transcendental, hen black-bird; and if any thing, at this period of our union, ever occurred to disturb the peace of my hopeful heart, it was that, as she rehearsed oracularly and with sybilline gestures her most effective compositions, there strangely and mysteriously radiated from her a cloud of white dust, which distributed itself in a manner exceedingly aggravating to the eyes and nostrils. Then, I thought of her as she came to me from across the Channel like a little cloud of diamond-dust; and my mind became almost unsettled with strange associations of all I had ever heard about the white cliffs of Old England, Chalk Farm, and cretaceous formations in general.

One day — it was in the depth of mid-summer — as Merlette recited, with much animation, a poem of great length and vigor, upon which she had been for some time engaged, I perceived that the beads of perspiration which rolled from her intellectual brow, left, in their passage, very visible traces or streaks of a blackish, or rather, of a rusty, ferruginous tint, similar, in their general effect, to the bars of that domestic implement known to the children of men as a gridiron. When I had recovered from the transient stupor into which I was thrown by this startling circumstance, I delicately drew my wife's attention to her painfully increasing pie-baldness, and requested her to favor me, if possible, with an explanation of the phenomenon. For a moment, the untoward discovery appeared to have deprived her of her usual presence of mind; but soon, her natural *aplomb* came to her assistance, and she assured me that it had ever been thus in her highest moments of inspiration; that it was a constitutional weakness, over which she had no control; and that, surely, nothing could be more natural than for persons of strong literary tastes to be subject to an insensible perspiration

of ink. But my mind was far from being satisfied with the explanation; and I prayed unceasingly for a break-up of the weather, in order that I might have an opportunity of submitting my dearly-beloved wife to the test of a shower of rain.

But it was mid-summer, and an obstinate drought daily gave new signs of a determination to continue its dryness. During my literary career, however, I had acquired a habit of abandoning myself to my feelings whenever a passage of uncommon pathos or tenderness wrought itself out in my mind, and this, added to the natural sensibility of my temperament, gave me such mastery over my lachrymatory apparatus, that I could always, without difficulty, produce a torrent of tears at will. These ebullitions of feeling used to please my wife; for the pride of females is ever elated by such exhibitions of masculine weakness; and so, one evening, determined at all hazards to know the worst, I addressed myself to her as follows:

‘O partner of my joys and toils, dearly-beloved and only object of my affections, without whom my dreary days would resemble nothing so much as a detachment of nightmares, defiling through a Vale of Tears! Sun of my existence! by whose genial rays the latent ideas of this poor brain are developed, and fructify into useful productiveness — when I reflect on what I *might* have been but for the providential discovery of thy sympathy, and upon what I *am* by the grace of thy remarkable and cheering support, the wholesome tears well copiously from their heart-stirred cistern, and thus, thus, do I shed o’er thee the glad rain-drops of my earnest gratitude!’

And, as the cataract of hot tears descended upon my wife, a visible change came over her. Feather after feather blotted forth in their original rustiness, until, after a few minutes’ application of my decomposing process, I found myself weeping over a plain, unwhitewashed, ordinary, disenchanted hen black-bird.

What could I do? what could I say? Reproaches would have been worse than useless.

From depositions which I subsequently obtained, in connection with my celebrated divorce case, it appeared that the fraud of which I had thus become the victim, was effected by means of a sufficiently simple chemical process. The wretched creature, of whom I was the dupe, had stealthily followed the foot-steps of a vender of that mystic fluid mendaciously palmed off upon viridescent Londoners as milk; a brief immersion in a vessel of which, during the temporary absence of the proprietor, produced an effect more delicate than that of the most elaborated Parian; and doubtless, her mysterious retirements were employed upon the subsequent re-touchings necessary to keep up the deception.

My dream was broken. Eclipsed by British chalk was the plaster of my native Paris!

FEATHER NINE.

DETERMINED to quit the scene of my disgrace, and, abandoning the career of letters, to seek some boundless desert, unfanned by the wing of female duplicity, there to await in philosophic solitude the allotted close of my hapless career, I launched myself into the air, and the

wind, which is the chance of birds, carried me once more to the wood of Mortfontaine.

Every body was asleep there ; every body except the Nightingale, who still chanted his solitary nocturnal ode, pouring forth, upon the distilled fragrance of the forest-night, his gratitude to the Being who had made him so much greater a lyrist than the laureates of the race of men ; and so freely did he impart his confidences to the listening solitude, that I could not refrain from approaching and thus addressing him :

‘Happy vocalist ! persevering volunteer of songs to which there is never a lack of listeners ! well may you waken the night-echoes with your liquid melody ! for you are blessed in the possession of a charming wife, and an interesting brood of fledgelings. You have a warm nest, pleasant companions, the cheerful moon-light, and no politics. Beside you, Rubini and Rossini sink into insignificance, for you surpass the one in execution, and anticipate the strains of the other. I, too, have sung, laboriously ; but with what a different result ! Pray, Sir, can I prevail upon you to impart your secret ?’

‘Certainly,’ said the Nightingale, ‘but it is n’t what you seem to suspect. My wife, whom you talk about, is a perfect nuisance, and I hate her. I love the Rose — the Rose ! Saadi the Persian has mentioned the circumstance. ’T is for her that my throat-pipe trembles the live-long night ; but she sleeps and hears me not. Even now, while I whisper, there slumbers within her closed calyx an ancient and grizzly Beetle ; and, at dawn, when, heart-sick and weary, I seek my rest, then will she unfold her charms, and a Bee will feed upon her heart.’

THE CHILD-WIFE.

‘RECENTLY perusing that affecting chapter in ‘DAVID COPPERFIELD’ which describes the death of DORA, I discovered the following ‘impromptu paraphrase,’ written upon the margin. Should you conceive it worthy of publication, it is at your service.’ NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

AMONG the changing pictures
That throng his heart of mine,
Is one of *thee*, my child-wife,
That seemeth half-divine,
All noiselessly thou’rt stealing
Like sun-shine through the gloom,
And to my presence gliding,
In all thine early bloom.

Thou wert a frail, sweet blossom,
That opened by my side,
And only bloomed the brighter
When all was dark beside.
There seems a living presence
This moment in my room,
And the light of thy still beauty
Beams o’er me, from the tomb.

My own, my darling DORA !
Thy memory is to me
A guiding-star above Life’s path —
A beacon o’er its sea :
And, by that low, fond blessing,
That last dear smile of thine,
I know that I shall meet thee
In Heaven, to clasp thee mine.

T O M Y O L D C O A T .

THE time, though very, very long approaching,
 Has surely, steadily, been coming on,
 Like a full tide, resistlessly encroaching
 Upon the days when thou wert 'quite the ton.'
 Old coat! thou 'rt dear, e'en from association
 With those who were my friends in other days:
 Some have been faithful through much tribulation;
 And some have ta'en offence, and gone their ways.

But thou hast e'er been true, through sun and shadow,
 Through summer's heat, and winter's nipping cold:
 A friend devoted as I ever had; oh!
 Many friends thou shamést, garment old!
 I well remember where and when I bought thee;
 The very morning — yes, and e'en thy price;
 And how, in all sincerity, I thought thee
 Worthy a king to wear — so neat and nice!

And how the *pavé*, then, I promenaded,
 To show the fashionable world thy charms;
 And — but thy pristine beauties all have faded,
 Since first I was enfolded in thine arms.
 Full many a gay assemblage we've delighted!
 Thou, by thine elegance, and I by thee;
 And suitors by their damsels have been slighted,
 Because, forsooth, thy folds encircled me!

At festive routs — to church, full oft, together —
 To weddings, and to burials of the dead —
 We've jogged along, through every sort of weather,
 Forgetting Fate could clip thy being's thread:
 And, though thou long hast seemed to others seedy,
 To me, unchanging hast thou been; but now,
 I fear philanthropists may deem me needy,
 And kindly bid me hold the parish-plough.

And, conscious that true charity at home beginneth,
 I've listened to the voice of 'common-sense';
 Though feeling it against thee sadly sinneth,
 In offering, by way of recompense,
 Such poor return for service thou hast done me;
 And, in the hour of thine infirmities,
 Bidding me lay aside those folds, which won me,
 In by-gone days, the smiles of brightest eyes.

The tear that on my eye-lid now is welling,
 Thus tenderly I'll wipe upon thy sleeve;
 And, with a heart with honest sorrow swelling,
 Thee 'mid the relics of the past I leave.
 Farewell! I'll keep thee safe from Hebrew peddler,
 Nor part with thee, old friend! to rich or poor:
 Safe from the prying glance of curious meddler
 Retaining thee, till coats I need no more.

PIERRE VIVANT.

F L O O D A N D F O G .

HAVING read much about the fossil remains on the bay-shore of Cumberland county, Nova-Scotia, I conceived a strong desire to visit the place for the sake of procuring some specimens. I went from Saint-John to Dorchester, where my old friend, Budd, was engaged in the lofty practice of medicine; and, after much trouble, managed to overcome his constitutional laziness, and induce him to accompany me.

We hired a small sloop, and left the village on our scientific excursion; and in a short time crossed the swift current at the mouth of the river *Petit Codiack*. Here the tides are higher than in any other part of the world; rising seventy feet, and sometimes more.

'That is a wonderful river,' said Budd to me, after we had escaped an eddy; 'a wonderful river. It is fifty miles long, and at low tide you will find it almost entirely empty; a muddy channel alone marking the spot where the waters rolled. It is worthy of a visit, on account of the striking phenomena connected with it. When the tide rises, the waters of the bay roll in, with a long series of successive waves, forming a flood six feet in height through the whole course of the river. There is a noise like thunder, and a sublime confusion of chaotic foam and eddies, as the great reflux takes place. And when the tide is falling, as now, nothing can withstand the fury of its current. It flows swiftly along, carrying every thing in its course, far out into the bay.'

'It is, then, a really remarkable river,' I replied. 'I had no idea that such was the case. I should not soon forget a sight like the one you mentioned, were I once a witness of it.'

'Forget it!' cried Budd, 'no; and if you were so unfortunate as once to be at the mercy of that flood, the name of *Petit Codiack* would for ever be a name of horror! It was so with me; for down that furious tide I once was borne helplessly, and out into the sea. As we are at leisure, I will tell you about it. It may interest you.'

'By all means, tell it.'

'On one of my visits to the Bend, a settlement not far up the river, I went on board a schooner, to see about a passage to St. John. No one being on board, I walked about for a time, and at length a boyish desire seized me to get into the boat, and sit there. It was a whim, and I acted upon it most thoughtlessly. The boat was a little, round, cockle-shell of a thing, and I intended to rock it from side to side for amusement. You know I sometimes have these foolish fits.

'The tide, at that time, was ebbing, and the stream was running very strongly down the river. The boat, being acted upon by the current, was pushed as far from the vessel as the rope would permit. At first I amused myself by rocking it, and afterward, for the sake of variety, I began to pull the boat close up under the stern of the schooner, letting the tide jerk it away. So thoughtless and careless was I, that I did not notice whether the rope was fastened tightly or loosely. I kept up this intellectual amusement for some time, enjoying it the more as the current grew stronger, and thinking of my boyish experience in

this line, and many similar pleasures of my early life. At length I concluded to stop; and commenced tugging strongly at the rope, for the sake of coming close to the schooner. The boat pulled very hard. Finding that the current was stronger than I supposed, I thoughtlessly gave a quick and energetic jerk——

‘I fell violently back, and in a moment felt myself hurried away by some sudden and irresistible power. I sprang up in affright. The rope had loosened, the boat was floating away, and I was at the mercy of the river. The shore seemed flying from me, and gradually I was approaching the centre of the current. It was running with terrific speed, so that, if I were once drawn into it, nothing could save me. All this in one moment flashed upon my sight, as I took a hurried glance around. I looked at the boat — no oars were there! I was alone, and no means were near of escaping from destruction. The only hope left me was the faint one of being carried to some island or promontory, and of meeting with a vessel. But the swiftness of the tide rendered the former hope weak indeed, and would prevent assistance being rendered me by any vessel with which I might meet. It was also late, the sun was setting, and before long it would be dark.

‘You can readily imagine how I must have felt, as these thoughts rushed through my mind; how terrified, how despairing! Already, the fragile boat was turned every way by the eddies and whirlpools: now it drifted stern-foremost, now it righted itself, and again it would be carried along sideways. ‘What can save me in this boat?’ I thought; ‘how can it be kept from destruction?’ I was almost wild; yet I endeavored to calm myself, and think upon some method of action. Yet what could I do? I tried to keep the boat from the current, by frantically rowing with my hands. I pushed the water with all my force, in order to change the direction of the boat. I might as well have tried to stop the tide itself, which, with a low roar, now sounded directly before me. Nothing could keep me from it. I was borne helplessly into it, the boat ceased its whirlings, and straight ahead was carried down the river!

‘I sat down in the stern with feelings of darkest despair, and burying my face in my hands, wept bitterly. Then I roused myself: the boat struck something, and looking up, I saw a large piece of timber. If it had been a small piece, I might have used it, but this was of no value, and like the boat, it was carried on. I felt, for the moment, a wild sort of sympathy for the insensible wood — like me, at the mercy of the waves; and I watched it until it was out of sight.

‘A projection of land appeared, far down the river. This gave me a faint hope that I might be carried there. On I came, nearer and nearer; but, on coming close to it, the boat was for an instant carried forward by its impetus, and then, sharply turning, was again in the current. An island, too, soon after came in sight, and brought a melancholy smile upon my face, and forced a bitter laugh as I was hurried by. I was hopeless. I was also much calmer than before. I do not know how it is with other people, but when I have no hope, I resign myself completely to my fate. After the first feeling of horror has passed away, I am stern and fortified by despair. With me, it is a

thousand times better than a state of suspense. I cannot call my hopelessness by the name of despair. It is rather a cool indifference to every thing; an insensibility to all around. This was now my condition. I laughed, as I remembered the tears which not long ago I had shed, and thought recklessly upon my situation. Sitting in the stern, I coolly took a pipe from my pocket, filled it, deliberately lighted it, and smoked with quite the same nonchalance as though I had been in my own study. The future, the coming morrow, was banished from my thoughts. I remembered no more what had occurred; or, rather, I did not think of it. I gazed calmly and fixedly around me.

‘Yet every thing that I saw, even the smallest object that met my eye at that time, has never since been forgotten. The memory of that scene, and all things connected with it, is graven deeply, in burning letters, upon my very soul. I can recall my feelings and actions, and tell, most minutely, the appearance of the whole river, with its quickly-passing shores. Yonder, far up the river, you see a rough crag. Upon it, at that time, were the remnants of an Indian camp. I counted all the poles, and can now tell their exact number. It was about eight o’clock as I passed that crag; and when I came to the place where we now are, and out into the bay, it was ten.

‘Here, a change came over my feelings. The moon, which thus far the clouds had concealed, now appeared, shining brightly, and lighting up the whole river with rays of softest glory. The surface of the water was calm and serene, glowing in the reflected rays of the moon, and mirroring the stars that shone around her. The distant banks of the river and shore of the bay were dark in the thick foliage of the trees that covered them, and from them an occasional light gleamed forth brilliantly, shining far over the surface of the water, which already beamed with phosphorescent sparks. How tranquil, how serenely beautiful, was all that I saw! So quiet was the water, that I almost thought the movement of the boat had ceased. I became soothed and affected by the peaceful scene. Tender thoughts came to my mind; thoughts of home — thoughts of Keenie, who now might watch in vain for my return to the lonely home. How she would expect me, wondering why I remained so long away from her! But this was a subject upon which I did not dare to think. It brought to me the bitterest anguish, and caused burning tears to roll down my cheeks.

‘Courage! all may not be lost. I will not yield to unmanly weakness: I will hope!’

‘Alas! I could not hope! Hope does not come at the command of the will. She arises of herself, and often unexpectedly waves her bright golden wings before the despairing soul. Here, no hope could come: nothing could deliver me from a lingering death!’

‘Horrible thoughts came to me: why should I allow myself to die thus slowly? — to perish gradually by the keen pangs of starvation, burning with unquenchable thirst? In this still, calm flood I can find a quick termination for my sorrow, a sudden release from misery such as I cannot bear. I leaned over the side, and looked down into the water. How still! how profound the depth! Oh! to slumber there far down within its silent recesses, with these waves flowing mournfully above, ever more!’

'Yet I could not, I would not, die. 'No!' I cried; 'already has my rashness brought me to the portals of death: it shall not now cause me to pass irrevocably over that dismal threshold. I will live, till life itself can hold on no longer!'

'The booming of the distant surf upon the rocky shore sounded a melancholy, dirge-like music in my ears, that echoed in my soul. 'Such,' thought I, 'will be my requiem, as the flowing and receding tide carries this boat and its lifeless burden backward and forward, up and down. I shall hear it as the last breath departs, and as it gives place to the deep sound of those awful billows which thunder upon the shore of eternity!'

'Oh, how long was that night! The stars twinkled above me; the surf sounded unceasingly. The clouds changed and changed. The moon now was obscured behind them, and, again coming forth, shone with unveiled brightness from the clear sky. And I floated on, tortured by a thousand sad and dismal feelings, by thronging emotions all unutterable.

'Morning at length came, and with it new miseries. Oh, how long had been the night! How often I had cried, 'Will it never end?' Years seemed crowded into those hours of suffering, which morning ended not. Ended! no: other afflictions were yet in store. The sky was clouded, and the atmosphere became moist. Instead of the gentle twinkle of ten thousand stars, there was a dismal canopy of vapor, and where the moon-beams had fallen so beautifully, so soothingly, descended showers of rain. I looked around, and did not know where I was. I was far from the mouth of the river, out on the broad bay of Fundy. On one side, a rocky coast lay many miles distant, and on the other, farther still. But I had drifted farther away than this, for now, I was borne back by the last of the returning tide. Soon, it would begin to ebb, and I would again be carried away. Sick at heart, I found no hope brought by the morning, and I looked back with regret on the calm night. Now, the rain was falling in torrents, the wind was blowing, the waves were beginning to rise. In the distance, the hazy horizon filled me with a new fear — for well I knew the fog sign. Yes, the fog, the thick, dreadful fog, was coming, swiftly coming; and all would be covered, all hidden from view. At that time, as though my cup of misery were not yet filled, my eye, roving around, caught sight of a schooner crossing the bay. But it was too far away to be of any assistance. In vain I shouted. In vain my voice shrieked out words wrung from me by the agony of utter despair. Oh! if the fog might but have kept away for a few, but a few hours, I might have been carried nearer, I might have been saved. But this was denied me. Gradually the dismal banks of mist came on, gathering all around, enveloping land, sea, and sky, in their damp, chilly folds. All around and all above me settled the opaque covering, and no longer could my eyes behold the sky, no longer could my sickening glance descry the distant land. Accumulation of miseries! Gradually had they been heaped upon me; worse and worse had become my fate, hourly more dreadful my situation. There was now nothing to draw my thoughts away from my fate. It came upon me, and confronted me. Death stared at me

from the waves that rushed furiously around my frail boat, eager for their prey. It peered through the dismal folds of the veil of fog that enshrouded me on every side. It came laughing amid the gusts of wind that howled over the sea. And, more dreadful, more unutterably horrid than all, the fiend of famine — of starvation — glared upon me with his hollow, burning eyes from the boat where he with me had fixed a habitation! Oh, that day! how slowly its hours crawled on! Hunger came upon me, and the weakness of excessive fatigue and exhaustion overpowered me, the one combatting the other. At last, fatigue conquered; and I fell heavily in the bottom of the boat, where I lay long in broken slumber. The rain fell. The waves washed over me, breaking into the boat. Nothing but the most overpowering weakness could have made me sleep so long. A sleep — I cannot call it a sleep. It was continually broken by the rude tossings of the boat at the shock of the waves, and by the horrid dreams that thronged in my vivid fancy. It was no sleep, but a long night-mare.

‘When, late on the following morning, I awoke, I found myself almost incapable of motion, and aching with intense pain. My hunger increased, and, all through the day, gnawed me with its insatiable fangs. I became careless of every thing but the sufferings of starvation. I chewed pieces of wood: I fell on my face in unutterable gratitude, when I snatched a dead fish from the water; thanking Heaven for giving me some cessation to my agony.

‘Thus, through all this day, and again, through another dreary, dismal night, I lay in the boat, sleepless, weak, and miserable. Words cannot describe my sufferings. They are inconceivable. I crawled into the stern, where I gathered myself up, intending to die there. With my knife, I cut my name on the side of the boat, and feebly lay waiting my fate.

It could not be delayed much longer. One day more, and my soul would have left the worn-out body. I sat there, and thought the fog was not so thick as before. The wind had changed, and was blowing it away. On a sudden, a sound arose; a low, unmistakeable sound, such as had greeted my ears on the first night — the deep booming of the surf upon a rocky shore. I could not be wrong: land was near! The fog gradually, and, after a time, swiftly departed. I saw a dark cloud, which soon became land. It was not more than a mile away, and I was rapidly approaching it. Oh! how my heart throbbed! As I drifted toward the land, I had the most frantic fears that the tide might turn, and then —

‘I watched anxiously, fearfully trembling. The hours of my suspense seemed years. But I was coming nearer and nearer, and now I saw the rough shore; but oh! how sweet it was! how dear in its roughness! I saw log-houses with rocks around them; I saw men cutting stones, piles of which lay around. With a last exertion of strength, I rose up in the boat, and gave a loud cry:

‘‘Help! save me!’’

‘It went across the water. I was heard. I saw the men look up. They saw me. They ran to the shore, entered in a boat, came rowing toward me. They came nearer and nearer — I was saved!’

'They carried me to a house, and took care of me. I was feverish and delirious; but after a week or so, I was able to leave. I gave them my warmest blessing — they would not take any thing else — and left.

'I was received by my friends as one raised from the dead. Poor Keenie! as I entered the house, she, all pale and wan, tottered to meet me, and fell fainting in my arms.'

SAINT SIMON STYLITES AND THE FLEA.

TRADITION affirms that a certain St. SIMON, in the plenitude of his self-mortification, lived, for several years, perched on the top of a pillar, whence he never descended; from which circumstance, he received the affix 'Stylites' to his name. The rest of the acts of this redoubtable saint, *lo are* they not written in the book of the 'Lives of the Saints,' written by Bishop ALBAN BUTLER?

SAINT SIMON knelt on his pillar of stone,
Where, let the weather be fair or foul,
Bishop BUTLER declares that, for several years,
The saint had perched like a holy owl.

On the top of his pillar, (just three feet wide,)
The Saint had perched, (unless fibs are told,)
Till his joints were rusty, and his brain was musty,
And his nostrils were stuffed with a terrible cold.

Never a change of raiment had he:
Nothing he wore, not even a shirt,
Save a brown serge dress, which, the truth to confess,
Had stuck to his skin with age and dirt.

The peasants brought him his dinner of herbs,
Which they handed up on the top of a pole;
Said fare being increased, on some very high feast,
To a roasted lizard and warm French roll.

On the top of his perch, like a scarecrow gaunt,
Saint SIMON knelt, as I said before,
With a pious grace and a solemn face,
Though his angular knees were getting sore.

Though his knees were sore, and his legs were cramped,
The Saint still knelt with his arms in air;
Oft his body twitching, for his back was itching,
And he durst not scratch it while saying his prayer:

For a vow he had made not to lower his arms
Till his prayers were done, though he broke his back;
And if they descended before he had ended,
OLD NICK would have bundled him off in a crack.

Scarce had he got to his fifteenth '*avé*'
Ere the good Saint's eyes looked squintingly down,
And his right leg he shuffled, then grunted and snuffled,
And twitched his brow with a sudden frown.

'*Sicut erat in principio*' — here he groaned;
 '*Et nunc*' — here the Saint took the look of a martyr;
 When he came to '*et semper*,' he had nigh lost his temper,
 And his pious phiz looked like the 'mug' of a Tartar.

For, something was crawling up his leg,
 Till it stopped a little above his knee;
 Where, the Saint perceived, he had just received
 The venomous nip of a monstrous flea.

Such boarders, in swarms, had been there before;
 Their sharp attacks he was wont to feel:
 But this terrible guest eclipsed all the rest,
 With his insatiate stomach and nippers of steel.

Yet, still his devotions the Saint pursued,
 For he deemed this attack some fiendish snare;
 While, with due precision, the flea made incision,
 Whenever the holy man stopped in his prayer.

'*Paters*' and '*avés*,' how fast they flew!
 Ne'er had he prayed with such speed before;
 His '*Credo*' he told while the sweat-drops rolled —
 He was bitten so bad that he almost swore!

Oft times he closed his fingers and thumb,
 Determined the blood-thirsty assailant to crush;
 But when for the descent his long fingers were bent,
 That very rash vow to his memory would rush.

The prayers were done; and on finger and thumb
 He spat, while he watched where his enemy ranged;
 Then, by prayer and sign and a short Latin line,
 Into holy water the spittle was changed.

With finger and thumb on the rascally flea,
 Saint SIMON pounced, with a movement quick,
 Causing a fizzle and scream, and a dense cloud of steam,
 In the midst of which stood — not the flea, but OLD NICK!

The 'Old Coon' himself, in his own proper shape,
 With very long teeth, and a very long tail;
 A huge pair of horns, hoofs not troubled with corns,
 And huge smoky wings, through the night-air to sail.

With a yell and a kick, he vanished from sight;
 In the reach of Saint SIMON he dared not to linger;
 While the good saint could but howl with trouble and pain,
 For the skin had been scalded from his right thumb and finger!

M O R A L .

YE saints of the day, who have 'heard out' my lay,
 I hope from the story a moral you've learned:
 Do n't meddle with vice, or — who knows? — in a trice,
 Like saint SIMON'S, your fingers may hap to get burned!

Cleveland, O., 1854.

J. H. A. BONE.

A P R O F E S S I O N A L S C A R .

BY AN OLD LAWYER.

YOUR kind letter, Harry, came duly to hand ; and you will be surprised to learn that a careless question of yours will draw forth enough in answer to cover a sheet : ' What caused that scar on my temple ? '

It is a professional scar, Harry ; one that I have carried ever since my earliest practice ; and although I have now arrived at a tolerable old age, and have many, many intimate friends, it is a most singular fact that you are the first and only person that ever inquired into its origin. I can tell you all about it, but must avoid names and places, for the parties most interested in the incident are yet living, and I am under strong bonds of secrecy.

In the year —, after passing through a long examination before grave judges and shrewd barristers, I was pronounced a properly-qualified person to appear before juries and courts for others as well as myself, and at once proceeded to a large southern city, where, by a modest little sign over the door of a modest little office, I announced my readiness to commence the practice of the law. For three months I waited, but alas ! no business came, and I sat in my office on a dreary night, at about eleven o'clock, in this very comfortable position : my money was gone entirely ; my board-bill was to be paid in the morning, and my rent the day following ; and I absolutely feared to go to my boarding-house, and waited in what seemed the forlorn hope that something in the way of a fee might appear, either dropping from the skies, or suddenly appearing on my desk. Outside, no step was heard ; and as I occasionally glanced through my window, the flame of the street-light, moved by the wind, would seemingly move me homeward ; but I would not go. A foot-step sounded in my entry ; a second, and a third, and more, but so light that my heart-beating prevented my counting them ; and then a little delicate knock. I compelled myself to say ' Come in ' with a calm voice, although I expected to be instantly vis-a-vis with a young woman : the door opened, and I saw — an old one.

I had only time to move toward a chair before she was in the centre of the room and speaking :

' I have no time to sit. Young man, you are a lawyer : are you good for any thing ? '

My insulted dignity was controlled by an effort, and I answered that I flattered myself that I possessed some talent for my profession, or I should not have chosen it.

' Well, well, no gas : can you draw a paper ? '

Here again I ventured to remark, that it depended somewhat on its nature ; but I saw from her impatient manner that she wanted no trifling. Before I finished the sentence, she interrupted me with a fierceness of manner exceeding her former rough one, saying :

' I want a will drawn ; quick ! hurriedly ! but so strong that all the

d — ls in h — ll can't undo it! Can you *do* it?' and she fairly glared at me with impatience for my answer.

Now you know, Harry, that my legal education was obtained entirely in a surrogate's office, and you may presume that on the law and forms of last wills and testaments I felt myself sufficiently posted up. I accordingly assured her that I could draw a will which, though I could not warrant it to pass the ordeal she mentioned, would, I was sure, be proof against the efforts of all the lawyers in Christendom.

And now her manner changed from the fierce and bold to the anxious and hurried.

'Come, then, quick! quick! young man, and you shall pocket one thousand dollars for your night's work!' she exclaimed.

And, amazed and bewildered as I was, I found myself at the neighboring corner, stepping into a hack, before the startling but comfortable words, 'One thousand dollars for your night's work!' had ceased ringing in my ears. My conductress followed me in, and without orders we were rattled furiously along the streets to the — House, then the largest hotel in the city. My visions of one thousand bright dollars kept my tongue bridled, and I was led in silence up two flights of stairs into a suite of rooms comprising parlor and two bed-rooms. The parlor, however, was occupied by a bed, in which lay an old and evidently dying man. A servant was with him, but he left, upon a motion from the hand of my companion, who approached the bed and said:

'I have an attorney here, Sir; shall he proceed?'

The old man's eyes brightened up, and, after glaring on me for a moment, he spoke:

'If you can draw my will, do it; quick! now, for I must save my breath.'

I turned to the table where I found paper, pens, ink, and every thing necessary; and by the light of two sperm candles in heavy silver candle-sticks, I was soon busily engaged at the will.

I will not trouble you with the details, nor, in fact, do I remember them; but it is enough to say that a large amount of property, real and personal, bonds, mortgages, etc., were left, in the words of the will, to 'my good and faithful house-keeper, Angeline —, as a token of gratitude for her long, faithful, and meritorious service.' But the concluding words of the will I shall never forget; they were written from his own mouth, and made me shudder as I wrote them. There is something fearful, dreadful — yes, devilish — in this deliberately recording, in what purports to be your last written wish, a curse upon your own offspring. And I felt, as I wrote it, an involuntary desire to tear the paper into fragments, and to rush from the room, but the thousand dollars were like so many anchors, and I staid and wrote:

'I LEAVE to my daughter DORA all the satisfaction she can obtain from my hearty curse. When rags whip about her in her only home, the street, and dogs share with her the refuse of the gutter, she may regret that she disobeyed him who once loved her, but who, dying, cursed her!'

There was something like a chuckle in the direction of old Angeline as the dying wretch dictated these fearful words; but as I looked and saw the stern face as rigid as marble, I concluded I must have been

mistaken. I could not, however, divest myself of a certain feeling that all was wrong. A rich old man, accompanied by an old house-keeper, and dying in a strange city; her anxiety to have the will so strong; the curse on his daughter, and the large fee, all conspired to make me feel that I was being instrumental in the accomplishment of some villainous object. Again I meditated the destruction of the paper, and again my fee and my wants conquered. The will was finished, and I read it over aloud, the old man groaning, and the old woman looking an occasional assent; but when I read the terrible curse, a new actor appeared on the scene:

'Oh! tear it! tear it! Oh God! you know not what you do!'

The plaintive tones of the voice touched my heart, even before my eyes beheld its owner; but when I saw her, heavens and earth! what an angel she was! The language is yet undiscovered, Harry, that is competent to give you a description of that face: the eyes dancing with excitement yet liquid with tears; the mouth proud as Juno's, yet compressed with anguish. But why do I attempt description? The most majestic, yet the sweetest countenance I ever beheld appealed to me, and not in vain; for while the old man, weak as he was, jumped from his bed screaming 'Kill her! kill her!' I tore the will into fragments, and we both fell to the floor, he dead, and I stunned by a blow from the heavy candle-stick wielded by the old hag, Angeline.

When my consciousness returned, I found myself in my own bed at my boarding-house, my host and hostess my sole attendants. My mind was clear the moment I looked about me, and I knew I had been brought home, and was now confined from the effects of that blow. I resolved to keep my own counsel, and to ascertain what I could of the subsequent proceedings of the night. Upon inquiry, I found that I had been brought home by a young gentleman in a carriage, who had left funds for the employment of a physician, and had also left a letter for me. I opened the letter as soon as I was alone, and found a fifty-dollar bank-note, with these words:

'You did last night a deed worthy of more gratitude than our present means enable us to express. The property which so nearly belonged to the infamous hag who struck you, will soon be ours, and you shall then hear from us. May the same kindness which prompted you to tear the paper, seal your lips hereafter as to the painful scenes of last evening.'

'Gratefully yours,

'DORA AND HER HUSBAND.'

My first act was to conceal the letter beneath my pillow; my second, to call my host and tender him the amount of my board-bill; to my astonishment he told me that my companion paid it when he left the letter. It seems I raved a little about my inability to pay my host while I was unconscious, and thus the husband of Dora (for I had no doubt it was he who brought me home) had ascertained the fact and paid my bill. Added to this, my wound was not severe enough to need any surgery more than was offered by my kind landlady; so when I had recovered, (which was soon,) I had only my office-rent to pay, and then resumed business with the larger part of the one hundred dollars in my treasury. I made cautious inquiries about the — House as to the subsequent movements of my mysterious clients, but could only ascertain that the old couple arrived on that eventful night, the old man

ordering a pleasant room in which he could die ; that the young couple came by another conveyance, and had taken other rooms ; that the old man's body was immediately boxed up and shipped for the north under charge of his man-servant ; that the old woman went off alone ; and that finally the young man paid the whole bill, and left also with his wife. To do my worthy host and his kind lady full justice, I must say that they never even hinted at the matter, and I never had a question to answer : they probably took it for granted that I had been the victim of some broil, and avoided annoying me by any reference to it.

Thirty years of hard work rolled by, Harry, during which I acquired a family, fortune, fame, and gray hairs ; but I never, in all that time, saw or heard of my clients, with the exception of one letter, which was received some years after the occurrences which I have related, and which contained two more fifty-dollar bills, with the words :

‘We are very happy : may God bless you !

DORA.’

But in all that time, I have never forgotten that beautiful angelic face, nor the mute appeal which it made to my heart ; the answer to which cost me the deep scar which is the object of your present curiosity, and a one-thousand-dollar fee less the amount received from the young folks. Neither did I, in all that time, regret the course I took.

Some ten years ago, as you probably remember, I spent a winter in Havana. I boarded with a Spanish landlord, whose house was generally filled with American visitors. But, strange to say, I passed one week with him without a single American arrival ; and I was mentally resolving one day to leave for New-Orleans, where I could find troops of friends, and rid myself of the ennui consequent upon my solitary position, when I heard my host calling me :

‘Senor, Senor, los Americanos — Americanos.’

Looking from my window, I saw a fine portly gentleman attending to his luggage, and answering the demands of the thousand and one leeches of porters who each claimed to have brought something for him. Thinking I might be of service to him, I went out, and with two or three dimes dispersed the villains who, knowing me for an old stager, submitted to my orders. The gentleman turned to thank me, but suddenly started back, then glanced at my temple, and seeing the end of my candle-stick-mark peering out beneath my sombrero, he caught me by the hand exclaiming :

‘We have met before, Sir ! — how glad I am to see you !’

And then, without explanation, he drew me to the door-way in which stood a matronly but still beautiful woman.

‘See, Dora,’ said he, ‘is not this our old friend ?’

At the word ‘Dora,’ I started, and there before me, sure enough, stood the Dora of thirty years previous, still retaining many of her charms, but with the marks of time, notwithstanding, impressed upon her features.

You may well believe our reunion was most pleasant ; and after our dinner was over, and we were out enjoying the sea-breeze, the whole story was told me. I will not give you the details of it ; it was long, but the main features of it were about what I had surmised. Dora

was the only child of a wealthy father ; her mother died when she was a mere child ; old Angeline had remained with her father in the capacity of a house-keeper, and had, while Dora was away at school, acquired, as is generally the case, complete influence over him. Dora was wooed and won by a poor clerk ; the father would not listen to it ; an elopement was the consequence ; and the old man in his rage broke up house-keeping, and taking old Angeline with him had started for the South. Dora had followed him with her husband, although she knew he would not see her, and although he had always been harsh and unkind to her, yet she knew he was in the last stages of consumption, and she determined, if possible, to be with him when he died. At the time of his death, they had been following him about a month from place to place, keeping concealed from him, and eluding even the keen eyes of Angeline. When Dora appeared in the room, it was only because the man-servant, who had been with her father, and who, as you remember, left the room when I entered, had observed their arrival and had kindly gone to her and informed her that her father could not live an hour ; she was entering the room to make one last effort at reconciliation when my voice reading the fearful words of her father's curse caused the outcry and the denouement. Her husband, who followed her in, found the old man dead, Dora in a swoon, me senseless, and old Angeline in vain trying to put the many pieces of the will together, raving and cursing like a Bedlamite. He and the man-servant put the old man's body into the bed, took Dora to her room, and while the servant kept guard over Angeline, he took me home in a carriage. The rest you know.

I have only to add that, whenever I wander north, either alone or with my wife or family, we always stop at the house of our kind friends. They have spent one winter with us at the south, and we expect them again the coming season. And the young gentleman who studied law under my instruction, and who now practices law with my name on the sign with his, (as senior-partner, although he does all the business,) is Dora's son, and from certain conscious looks and bright blushes on my pretty daughter's cheek when he calls, I imagine he may possibly be mine, too. But of this, Harry, rest assured—I shall not curse her if she marries him.

SONNET: TO A NEW-BORN INFANT.

SWEET child ! it is not given to us to know,
 In this first moment of thy nascent birth,
 What is to be thy future destiny on earth ;
 But if we might attempt, in the soft glow
 That paints thy cheek, the heart's glad overflow
 Of tenderest emotions, which e'en now
 In earliest youth illuminates thy brow,
 And with a smile too pure for aught below
 Lights up thy delicately-chiselled face,
 Lending to it a charm of loveliness
 Too exquisite for language to express,
 An augury of thy coming fate to trace,
 It would be that a soul so formed for love
 Would bud below to yield its flower above.

JAMES WYNN, M.D.

THE STATESMAN'S HOPE FOR HIS COUNTRY.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

'WHEN my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dismembered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased nor polluted; not a single star obscured.' DANIEL WEBSTER.

WHENE'ER the vapory damps of death
Shall round my dying vision swim;
When heaven grows brighter as the earth
Fades like a rainy landscape dim;
May then my latest gaze behold,
In fancy's magic-glass displayed,
The bright, bold banner of the land,
In all its stripes and stars displayed.

As then I view God's blessed sun
In shining glory gild the world,
May it not shine on ruptured States,
Dishonored, from their station hurled;
On realms by civil discord rent,
All drenched with rich fraternal gore;
May it not see these hills in arms,
These cities mad with battle-roar!

But may upon my dying eyes
A softer, sweeter vision break;
A blissful, fruitful scene of peace
From Mexic Gulf to Northern Lake;
A vision of bright hills and plains
With golden harvests kindly crowned;
Where sister States in flowery bands
Their jocund dances move around.

Then far across the wild frontier,
Where roam the tribes in savage pride;
O'er the rude port may still our flag
Toss out its starry glories wide;
And high above the gilded spires
That o'er each mighty city shine,
May still its meteor-trophies blaze
At morning dawn and day's decline.

In battle-field, on deck of fame,
In other years full high it flew;
Though torn with shot and scorched with flame,
It triumphed, ever brave and true;
No blot, no stain, no dark disgrace
Upon its peerless folds were cast;
It shone the brightest in the storm
Of cannon-peal and battle-blast.

No stripe erased, no star obscured,
Our sires the precious gift bequeathed,
Which warmed their daring hearts with fire,
And round their dying heads was wreathed.
Long, long in undiminished pomp,
O'er field and forest, sea and shore,
May, world-renowned, that ensign shine,
Unsullied, gorgeous as of yore!

The Statesman sleeps! His flashing eye
Hath closed for aye on earthly scene,
And o'er his honored dust the sun
Of heaven shines sadly and serene;
Ah! well his dying heart was cheered
That o'er him sleeping in the mould
The flag he loved would still unfurl
Its radiant and untarnished fold.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

BY AARON F. PERRY.

CHAPTER SECOND.

It is well to consider and analyze the preparatory influences which contribute to form a great character. It will in most cases be found that brilliant success is but the natural result of appreciable causes. The miracles of genius, like the dispensations of Providence, are wrought by adaptation of means to ends. They encourage not at all the empty self-exaggeration and idle presumptuousness, which lumber and clog the gateways to all the liberal careers; but they do afford instructions the most precious to large and aspiring natures, who seek, with manly endeavor, the paths of honor.

The first movement of young Pitt toward Parliament, was at the age of twenty-one. He was a candidate to represent the University of Cambridge, at the general election which took place in the fall of 1780; a constituency, perhaps, as little likely to be won by an untried youth, as any in the kingdom. His claims were not regarded with favor. Amusing anecdotes are related of the treatment he received during the canvass. Distinguished professors of that venerable institution are reported almost to have slammed their doors in his face, when he approached to solicit their suffrages. It was not to their taste to bestow the honors of their ancient and cherished seat of learning upon a boy. He was defeated, and, so far as now appears, without any circumstance to prevent his feeling to the full extent the mortification of his failure. Two years before, he had lost his father. In the summer previous to this election, his eldest sister died. Hard upon these afflictions, followed his political defeat; and the next year, his heart, already nearly

broken with the heavy weight of accumulated sorrows, was wrung with new and almost insupportable anguish, by the death of his younger brother, who had been winning distinctions in the naval service. In these successive strokes, he felt that fulness of desolation, which, once experienced, leaves age no work to perform upon the heart. It is either crushed, or it rallies home its wandering sympathies, and learns to become sufficient unto itself. He felt the loss of his brother to 'have extinguished the favorite hope of his mind.' It seemed to him an 'untimely blow,' under which, had he been less 'tried in affliction,' he might not have been able to support himself. These events, upon a character so sensitive, manly, and affectionate, how can they be overlooked, in estimating the influences which formed his character? In his early dreams of glory, how immeasurably must he have counted upon the joy that his hoped-for triumphs would produce in the bosoms of that illustrious father, that loving sister, that dear brother! Let him declare, who has wrestled with the world for its applause, in what consisted the value of its acclaim. Was it in the tumultuous shout which bore his name upon the air, or in the knowledge that some of its reverberations might fall upon listening ears around the family hearthstone — that they might make more strong the ties of some cherished friendship, or re-kindle the joys of some slumbering affection? Seeing young Pitt not chastened only, but so scathed and isolated, on the very threshold of his career, it needs no voice from the grave to tell us that in *some* way it must have affected and did affect the tone of his character. How vacant the world, how cheap the breath of applause, how barren the harvests of genius, since they who had nurtured and shared his hopes were for ever cold and insensible! Seeing how completely he soon gave himself to the public service, with what unhesitating purpose he stood ready, from time to time, to stake his prospects upon the hazard of a cast, how patiently he endured vituperation, how stern and unyielding he bore himself, alike unmoved by the hisses or applause of the multitude — who shall venture to assert that this was all the result of a cold and supercilious nature? Who shall venture to say how often, instead of consciously repelling the fickle smiles of the surrounding throng by a cold indifference, as he was supposed to do, he might have been finding his sweetest reward in a silent consciousness of deserving the approbation of the loved and lost!

It happened that the Duke of Rutland had been a great admirer of the Earl of Chatham, and had, by reason of so much admiration of the father, sought the acquaintance of William, the son, at an early period of his academical life; and there was consequently formed between them a close and lasting friendship. Through the influence of the Duke of Rutland, Sir James Lowther, at that time a stranger to Pitt, procured him to be elected to the House of Commons, from the borough of Appleby, in Westmoreland. So that, notwithstanding his defeat in the fall of 1780, he became a member of the House of Commons in January of the following year; and thus entered upon his theatre of action at the early age of twenty-two.

It was during the period of Lord North's administration, and toward the close of what is spoken of by Americans as our revolutionary

war. England was not only engaged in a war with her American colonies, but also with France, Spain and Holland; while Russia, Denmark and Sweden had formed an alliance unfriendly to her, and she was without allies. Her affairs in India wore a gloomy aspect; and repeated failures in naval and military operations had lowered the spirit of the English people, and weakened their confidence in government. Business was not prosperous, the revenues were not equal to her expenditures, and the resources of the country seemed to be exhausted. On the twenty-sixth of February, 1781, Pitt, to use his own phrase, first 'heard his own voice in the House of Commons.' His friends, under the mistaken impression that he intended to speak, called him out, and he was induced to venture his first speech at a time when he had not intended to make one. He did not lose his self-possession, but succeeded in commanding the attention and admiration of the House. As the son of Chatham, very much was expected from him, and he was considered to have redeemed the promise of his name. He fully indicated, on that occasion, the qualities for which he was afterward distinguished. His argument covered the whole ground of the debate, and overlooked none of its important aspects. The maturity of his views, and the fulness of his information, were so much more than had been expected, that, with the warm congratulations for successful elocution, was mixed a good deal of the deference and respect due to a rising power. From this time, he became one of the most active members, and assumed, with great promptness, a position in the first rank of public characters. In June of the same year, Mr. Fox submitted a motion hostile to the war with America, and Mr. Pitt made a powerful speech against that war. He was, of course, in a minority; but he poured upon the contrivers and managers of that war a bold torrent of eloquent denunciation, which startled the ears and warmed the hearts of the British commons. In proportion to his earnestness, the regards of the British people gathered about him. He became one of the most formidable opponents of the administration of Lord North, whose strength visibly declined before the successive and redoubled assaults of Fox, Pitt, Wilberforce, and their associates. A decisive vote was soon obtained against the continuance of the American war; and, after a few more unsuccessful struggles, Lord North announced the end of his administration; an administration odious to Americans, and now generally considered eminently disastrous to his own country. Mr. Pitt was by no means entitled to the entire credit of its overthrow; but it must be obvious to those who will read the debates of those times, that he infused new animation into the attacks of the opposition, and was entitled to a full share of the honors of the victory.

The Rockingham administration succeeded, with Mr. Fox and the Earl of Sherburne Secretaries of State. Under this administration, Mr. Pitt was offered several situations of considerable rank and emolument, but declined them, on the ground that he could not put himself under obligations to defend measures which he had no part in framing: in other words, he declined accepting any office which did not place him in the Cabinet. He gave his general support to the measures of the administration, and was regular in his attendance at the sittings of the

House of Commons. This was thought a favorable time to bring forward the project for Parliamentary Reform, and Mr. Pitt was selected as the fittest person to conduct it: the object being, to secure a more full representation of the counties in the House of Commons. Some differences arose, during this administration, between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, but none of a serious character. Lord Rockingham, however, lived but a short time; and when he died, Mr. Fox and Lord Cavendish resigned their offices. This step, of course, opened up the chances for an entire disorganization of forces, and for a loss of nearly all that had been gained by the victory over Lord North. It gave rise to animadversions, and Mr. Pitt joined in them. Their resignations were attributed to private pique, and not to public and justifiable causes. The places made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Fox and his colleague, were filled by others, and, in the new cast of characters, Mr. Pitt was made Chancellor of the Exchequer; or, in other words, the finance-minister in the House of Commons. He was then a little more than twenty-three years old. Lord Shelburne was at the head of this administration. On the eleventh of July, 1782, Parliament was prorogued. During the vacation, it was found, upon a careful estimate of influences, that the administration had need of more strength, to render it secure. Mr. Pitt called on Mr. Fox, with an invitation to return to office, but he declined, so long as Lord Shelburne should remain Prime Minister. Mr. Pitt replied, that he did not come to betray Lord Shelburne, and, declaring it useless to negotiate on those terms, took leave. This is said to have been the last time those two remarkable men were in a private room together, and from this period dated their political hostility.

Their fathers had been rivals and enemies. The sons, down to this point, had acted together; but here they separated. It was a separation, both in the case of the fathers and the sons, in the nature of the case, unavoidable. The particular circumstances from which their opposition to each other was dated, were only an impulse to events sure to happen. Had those circumstances never existed, the same hostility would have sprung up from some other occasion. It was impossible for sympathy to exist between them. It was an opposition of tastes, of habits, of character, and a rivalry of ambition. At the next session of Parliament, Mr. Fox took the ground of open opposition to the ministry, and Mr. Pitt, as its principal defender, was prominent in every debate; and was compelled to bear up against the combined genius of Fox, Burke, and Sheridan. This administration negotiated peace with America, Spain, France, and Holland. But when the terms of the several treaties came to be discussed in Parliament, they were opposed by Lord North and his friends, and by Mr. Fox and his friends, who formed a coalition strong enough to overthrow the ministry. It was a very surprising state of affairs. There had been, over and above political hostility, a great deal of personal bitterness and sharp denunciation between the two leaders of the coalition. Their new alliance struck the minds of impartial persons as grotesque and out of place; but it gave them political power to destroy the administration with which Pitt was connected, and, in the ordinary course of events, would,

as a matter of course, bring them together in the formation of a new ministry. The King was not likely to entertain a personal dislike to Lord North; for North had concurred with the King, and had coincided with his wishes in conducting the American war, and had been overthrown while acting in full concert with the royal will. But Fox was personally odious to the King, both from private and public causes. He was, in his private habits, a man of pleasure and a gambler; and, in his public life, had shown little regard to the King's person, or veneration toward his office. George III. and his royal consort were in their personal habits temperate and virtuous, and they looked upon Fox as a centre from which emanated impure influences. They thought him not unwilling to encourage sedition among the people, nor averse to breeding dissensions between the members of the royal family. The new coalition, therefore, was with the King and Queen entirely odious. They earnestly sought for some escape from confidential relations with a character they so much detested. But how was this possible? Fox and North were firmly united, and could command so much strength, that any ministry acting independent of them could have only a minority in Parliament. No administration ever had, or probably ever could sustain itself in a minority. Where, then, could the elements of success be found? Pitt was not yet twenty-five years old; but the King thought that if Pitt could not relieve him from his unpleasant position, no body could. He had not loved Pitt's father, nor had the son flattered him; but in all his short career, his language had been decorous, his bearing firm and prudent, and he had evinced nobleness of sentiment and character. The situations in which Pitt had been placed were perplexing, but he had been courageous. He had conducted the business of the Commons with so much fairness and dexterity, as to extort admiration even from his enemies, and he possessed, moreover, the gift to charm with oratory. Scarcely four years had elapsed since the electors of the University had repelled him, and now the King—the King of that great empire—overlooking all his princes and nobles, calls upon him to form a ministry, and take upon himself the administration of the government. But Pitt had the sagacity, under such adverse circumstances, not to accept. Lord North and Mr. Fox were then authorized by the King to organize an administration; but so much delay, and so many difficulties were experienced, that his Majesty again urged Mr. Pitt to become Prime Minister, which he again declined. The difficulties which beset Mr. Fox and Lord North, in their efforts to form a coalition-ministry and govern the country, were very great, but Pitt knew they would find it much less difficult to unite their forces out of office, to oppose a ministry formed against their wishes; and that so united, they could command a majority of the Commons. In that state of affairs, he believed it unwise for him to make the effort requested by the King, and he firmly adhered to the dictates of his own judgment.

The coalition-ministry of Fox and North was at length formed, but did not outlive the second session of Parliament. It fell under the weight of Mr. Fox's East-India Bill. This Bill proposed a new organization, or, rather, new features to the plan of governing the British East-Indies. It was agreed, on all hands, that new legislation on that

subjeet was indispensable; but it was contended by Mr. Pitt and the opponents of the coalition, that this Bill was so framed as to weaken the King's prerogative, and secure to the projectors of the Bill an amount of patronage and power never contemplated by the constitution. It was charged to be the design of the coalition-ministry, by means of this Bill, to fasten themselves upon the country. This was the view taken of it by the King. The Bill, however, received a large majority in the Commons, and was expected to pass the Lords, but, very unexpectedly to ministers, was there defeated. They supposed, and probably with truth, that it was killed by the personal influence of the King; who, taking advantage of the defeat of the coalition, dismissed them from office.

Mr. Pitt, not yet twenty-five years old, was again invited to form an administration. He did not underrate the obstacles in his way, but he determined this time to undertake it, and to stake his political prospects on the success of his efforts. Here commenced a parliamentary struggle which decided the superiority of Mr. Pitt over Mr. Fox, and decided the fate of England for an indefinite period; a struggle for which I can find no parallel or comparison.

Mr. Pitt was the strongest man opposed to the coalition, but was not able to form an administration that could command the votes of a majority of the House of Commons. If he declined office, the coalition must make another attempt, against the decided wishes of the King, and without a very warm support in popular opinion. If he accepted, he must be able to stand his ground against the coalition in the House of Commons, with a majority on every important measure against him — a thing never before attempted since the revolution, by a British minister. But he possessed the respect of all, he had the confidence of the King, and was encouraged by a favorable public opinion. He accepted, and his entrance upon the duties of the Premiership was a signal for hostilities. Indeed, his effort to administer the government, under such circumstances, was regarded by Fox and North, and their adherents, as boyish and ridiculous. That he would be speedily routed and overthrown, it did not enter their minds for a moment to doubt.

When, as is usual in such cases, the motion was made for a new writ, ordering another election in the Borough represented by him, it was received with open merriment and ridicule. To understand his position truly, we must advert to the fact, that it is a fundamental maxim of the English constitution, that the King is the source of all political power, and that, in theory, the country is not governed by Parliament, but by the KING, with the consent and advice of Parliament. It is not, therefore, for Parliament to originate measures, so as to consent or advise in regard to that which the KING proposes. But there is also another maxim, that the KING can do no wrong; and when he proposes measures which are offensive to the majority, they are attributed to the bad advice of his counsellors. The KING's ministers, therefore, so far as duty and responsibility are implied by the office of KING, stand between him and Parliament. They are expected to propose such measures as may be expedient for the government of the realm: if they

fail to obtain a majority of the Commons for any important ministerial measure, they are expected to resign. It signifies that their policy is no longer satisfactory to the nation, and that the King should be surrounded by different advisers. What, then, was the situation of Mr. Pitt, who commenced his administration with a majority against him, and under circumstances where every test-vote, interpreted by ordinary rules, was a command to retire from office! But it was also the undoubted prerogative of the KING to appoint his own ministers, and if the Commons, without fault on the part of ministers thus appointed, could expel them from office, it would be a practical denial of the King's right to appoint his ministers, and an assumption on the part of the Commons, to appoint them for him. Here, then, was a practical test of the KING's right to select his ministers. The coalition had attempted to fasten upon the King a minister who was privately and publicly odious to him. That minister had attempted to carry an important and favorite measure, and had failed to obtain a majority of the Lords; upon which the King had ejected him from office. Shall the House of Commons compel the King to take back that minister, or may the King appoint another, with whom he is better pleased? Undoubtedly, Mr. Pitt was legally right in defending the prerogative, and in claiming to be fairly tried upon the merits of the measures he should propose. But his situation, right enough in theory, was, practically speaking, extremely awkward. The reasons avowed by him for consenting to be placed in such an attitude, and for his determination to stand or fall, as the verdict of the nation should be on the propriety of his resolution, have been alluded to. It is not too much to say, that the parliamentary tact and high eloquence of Fox were never more conspicuous than in his efforts to compel the new ministry to retire. He persuaded, he ridiculed, he denounced, he thundered. He obtained votes of disapprobation, want of confidence, and of condemnation. He obtained parliamentary addresses to the King against the new ministry, delayed the supplies, and hurled every conceivable weapon known to that species of parliamentary warfare. The position of Pitt was extremely critical. The KING was anxious to dissolve Parliament and order a new election, hoping for a result favorable to the ministry. Mr. Pitt said, No! The majority against him was too large to be reversed by a new election at that time, and the change of a few votes would be attended by no important consequences. He would fight it out. The King said, if he could not be sustained, he would abandon the kingdom.

Mr. Pitt had some striking advantages. He had already made himself known as a man of probity and talent. He had evinced an independent and honorable spirit, connected with a genius for the management of affairs. He had begun to gain the affections of Englishmen, and they would naturally gather about a young and ingenious minister, who had enlisted their pride, and had gallantly placed himself in peril, in order to rescue the KING from an odious alliance. Mr. Fox and his friends, in making this warfare, were placed in the attitude of condemning an administration without trial, and of making general charges without proof. They committed the mistake of taking victory for granted, and unnecessarily exposed themselves to animadversion. They

sometimes refused to the new minister the ordinary courtesy due to his station. They allowed themselves to make charges which nobody believed. They became over-heated, and threw out ill-advised assertions; and denied to the crown rights which few Englishmen would choose to withhold.

In fact, they imprudently pushed beyond the line of their constitutional defences. Pitt stood on the defensive, and said: 'You have tried to administer the government, have failed, and have been obliged to retire from office. The King has a right to select his ministers, and has required my services. Try me, and then judge.' This was his attitude. He allowed no provocation to disturb his balance: he made no single mis-step, nor did he utter an imprudent word. But his side of the battle was not conducted in a way to leave the other party at rest. He continually broke their lines, and carried off prisoners. He seized every advantage offered by their imprudence. He threw bombs into their camp, and harassed them with unexpected manœuvres. They were not invulnerable, and he poured upon them strains of eloquence, among the loftiest and noblest ever uttered in the British Parliament. The voice of the people began to respond to his voice. He was flooded with addresses and popular demonstrations. The majority against him, even in the House of Commons, grew smaller. This great battle was carried on from January to March, and the majority against him run down during fourteen divisions, from fifty-four to one; and by this time, the voice of England, outside of Parliament, was clearly for Pitt. This is the point of his career, the crisis of which was chosen for introducing him to the reader in the opening chapter. That description, however, must be understood rather as an attempt to group and concentrate the spirit of the whole contest upon a single point of time, than as a literally accurate description, applicable, in all its parts, to any one particular scene.

The leaders of the coalition acknowledged his triumph, and ceased to oppose his measures. This was *his* time for dissolving Parliament. It was accordingly dissolved, and a new election ordered. In this election, so many contests terminated in favor of his friends, that upward of one hundred and sixty persons who had voted against him in the former Parliament, did not obtain seats in the new one. Pitt himself was elected to represent the University of Cambridge, where he had been defeated the first time he was a candidate. This tremendous and decisive struggle placed him in undisturbed supremacy and rendered his position impregnable. Mr. GIBBON, the historian, declared that, 'In all his researches in ancient and modern history, he had nowhere met with his parallel, who, at so young a period of life, had so important a trust reposed in him, which he had discharged with so much credit to himself, and with so much advantage to the kingdom.'

The King wrote to Pitt: 'I shall ever with pleasure consider, that by the prudence as well as the rectitude of one person in the House of Commons this great change has been effected, and that he will ever be able to reflect with satisfaction that in having supported me he has saved the Constitution, the most perfect of human formation.'

T H E Y E A R .

We glide through life, to Time's swift journey blind,
 Wrapt in the present or the future day;
 When, suddenly, we cast a glance behind,
 And lo! behold, a year has passed away!

A year? — ah, *more!* Who is there ever knew
 A long, long year to pass away alone?
 Ask parents, children, friends — a mourning few —
 And *they* will tell you who beside have gone.

A mighty crowd the YEAR takes in its train!
 Princes and peasants, rich, poor, high and low;
 Faces the world will never see again;
 And all are gone where all have yet to go.

Spring, Summer, Autumn — Winter, too — have sped
 Away with TIME; yet will he them restore,
 In his due course; but those who with them fled,
 And made them joyous, shall return no more.

We lift our hands, and cry: 'This time, last year!'
 And wonder at the changes each can name;
 Alas! alas! there's naught unchanging here,
 And this time *next* year some must say the same.

'This time *last* year!' — what a wide gulf there seems,
 Within the mind, to lie 'twixt now and then!
 What thoughts, what passions, feelings, actions, dreams!
 All past for ever! — ne'er to come again!

Who, *who* is there, whom this returning day
 Finds as it left him but a year ago?
 Who hath not bowed him 'neath TIME'S mighty sway,
 Nor grieved o'er joys that he no more may know?

Perchance he strayed in some far-distant land,
 Where Nature spread around a different scene;
 With loved ones, haply, formed a social band,
 Now, far away — oh! many a mile between!

Perhaps capricious Fortune may have smiled,
 And strown her fairest favors in his way;
 While now, caressing some more favored child,
 She leaves him to rude poverty a prey.

Perhaps — but why the doleful strain prolong? —
 Fain from my soul all sadness would I cast,
 And carol blithely forth a joyous song;
 But *who* shall carol blithely of the PAST?

Love, friendship — all the sacred ties that bind
 Poor human hearts and hands in union dear,
 A long, eternal resting-place may find
 Within that mighty sepulchre — 'LAST YEAR!'

P U N I S H M E N T I S A S C I E N C E .

BY RALPH ROANOKE.

PUNISHMENT, like many other subjects which have occupied the minds of philosophers and philanthropists, is not yet thoroughly understood. It is true that intelligent minds have long since determined the province of punishment to be the protection of society and the reformation of the culprit; and to these ends a large share of attention has been awakened. But it has never been regarded as a science, capable of being applied to the training of children with mathematical precision and accuracy. In the present progressive age, when the training and education of children are occupying so much more attention than formerly — when mothers have become aware of their larger influence over the tender minds of their offspring, and are aroused to a proper sense of their great responsibility — any thoughts on the question of punishment cannot fail to arrest attention.

What mother has not spent sleepless nights, almost despairing over her inability to impress upon the mind of some devoted child those principles which can alone secure happiness? How often has the painful thought arisen in her mind, 'Can I ever secure my child's obedience?' To be constantly inflicting punishment upon this darling son, will break down every noble impulse of his nature. To let him go on in the indulgence of his selfish propensities, is risking not only his present but also his eternal welfare. Would to God I knew better how to discharge my duty under this fearful responsibility!

The propensity to extremes, which has, in all ages, pervaded the human breast, but increases the difficulty. In one system of training we find a strictness of monotonous discipline enforced, irrespective of temperament, almost amounting to absolute tyranny. In another system we observe a degree of license allowed amounting to a total abandonment of all parental supervision. Here the mathematical idea of a just medium comes in, and *theoretically* solves the difficulty. But how shall the just medium be ascertained? Certainly not by adopting any fixed rules or uniform punishment for each and every child. The fallacy of this system must be readily acknowledged by recalling the various dispositions of children. How often are brothers entirely different in disposition! One is gentle and sensitive, with large veneration; the other is impulsive and selfish, with small veneration. The motives of action of two such dissimilar temperaments must be as wide asunder as the poles. In the one case, any resort to force would be unwise; and in the other, could scarcely be dispensed with. The difficulties of training are greatly increased by the natural tendency of the boy with small veneration to be constantly contrasting his treatment with that of his more gentle brother. His selfishness overshadows his sense of justice, and the moral force of parental love is weakened in the constantly-recurring doubts of its existence.

That a correct system is within the reach of every parent, can be satisfactorily shown in every reader's experience. My grandfather was one of the kindest and best parents in the world. His children grew up not only to love and obey him, but to idolize him. He taught obedience by one lesson, and rarely had to punish any child more than once. He never inflicted a punishment when his child was nerved for the consequences of a misdemeanor, or when he was himself under the influence of passion. He preserved his own self-command, and thoroughly understood *when* and *how* to take each disposition; and these were the secrets of his success, as they must be of every parent who will test them. He taught me a lesson which I shall never forget. It was practical and effectual, and I give it as an illustration in point.

The plantations of my grandfather and uncle were separated by a lane running between them, which served as a public road. Their respective houses were situated about a half a mile back from this road, so that it was a half-way place where my cousins and I often met on Saturdays and holidays, to join in the various games and exercises of the day. My grandfather never refused a child's request unless there was some particular reason against it. But it was always necessary to obtain his permission in any new proposition where his pleasure had not been expressed. On a certain bright morning, I glided softly into the room where he was reading, and asked his permission to join my cousins, which he gave without a moment's hesitation. Off I bounded with a light heart, for the game of ball, which we generally played, was my delight. We soon arranged our partners, and were in the full tide of enjoyment, when a servant came running after me with the following message:

'Massa Ralph, your grandpa wants you 'mediately.'

'Wants me? It can't be possible. I just now asked his consent, and he gave it cheerfully. Go away, Sol: that message of yours is all gammon!'

'I tell you him do want you! And what's more, it's my private 'pinion you's better trot along fast as your two legs can toat you.'

'Sol, I 've a mind not to go one step.'

'Look here, child, you knows jes as well as I does dat old Massa don't talk no nonsens; what he say come mighty easy, but him don't used to take any no's for answers when him 'spects yeses: you better b'lieve dis nigger.'

'Now, Sol, remember, if I find you have deceived me, I'll never read another hymn over and over for you to learn by heart as long as I live.'

To this unworthy doubt the indignant Solomon disdained a reply; but as I walked away, the following soliloquy was borne upon the treacherous winds:

'Well, 'pon my word, now, dat boy know I never done told him an untruff in all my life; but for all dat, dere don't seem to be no way to make white folks' children b'lieve nothin' what ain't 'greeable.'

Reader, judge of my surprise and mortification. What could my grandfather want? The boys were half inclined to laugh at my chagrin, but there was no help for it; go I must; and they were in for it, too, for the game had to wait. I promised to hurry back; and off I went,

striving to recollect whether I had done any thing wrong. I could not remember any infraction of any known wish or law ; and the mystery as to why he sent for me was inexplicable. On reaching the house, in I rushed, and there I found him sitting quietly reading in the same chair in which I had left him. I approached him with such a woe-be-gone countenance as would have almost provoked a smile from a stoic, and thus accosted him :

‘Grandpa, did you want me?’

To which he replied with the most perfect good-humor :

‘Yes, child, I sent for you to shut the door you left open.’

The cause was explained. I had hurried out in my selfishness and left him to shut the door after me ; and he had waited patiently until I was fairly engaged in play to send for me, that the lesson might make a more lasting impression. It did make an indelible impression ; and all I regret is, that all my bad habits had not been cured in the same practical manner.

I have said that punishment is a science. To be taught efficiently, the world must resolve itself into a large school-house, and the whole subject commenced *de novo*, and sifted to the bottom. It is not the work of a day, a month, or a year, but of a century. It is a Herculean task, but it can be accomplished. There must be an end to the criminal farce — I should rather say tragedy — which is daily being enacted in the marriage of boys and girls totally ignorant of the high duties and holy responsibilities of married life. There must be a just appreciation of the married relation, a thorough knowledge of each other, and a full and entire moral, mental, and physical sympathy. The children of such parents will have the elements of happiness in an eminent degree ; and the watchful care of well-trained and appreciative parents will develop a generation which will ultimately realize the highest earthly progress.

‘GOOD-NIGHT, MY FRIENDS, GOOD-NIGHT!’ A SONG

THE moon across the river throws
A fairy bridge of light ;
I’ve willing waited till she rose :
Good-night, my friends, good-night !
The hour is here, and I must go ;
To-morrow’s sun will view
Me far from yonder river’s flow,
And far, my friends, from you.

Thoughts of my future, drear and dark,
Move me not thus to tears ;
Though billows wild o’erwhelm their bark,
The reckless feel no fears.
Not life’s fierce battle, or its din
Could thus my spirits ban ;
This heart, though tender, beats within
The bosom of a MAN.

It is to give the parting hand,
To breathe the word, Adieu !
And feel that in the spirit-land
I next may greet with you
As oft as LUNA’s beams you see
Stream o’er yon waters bright,
Then with a prayer remember me :
Good-night ! my friends — good-night !

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

BY JENNY MARSH.

My heart is a haunted chamber,
With cold and dreary walls,
And tapestry dim and faded,
Where sun-shine never falls.
And athwart the gloomy casement
The cypress-branches sweep;
The dirge the wind there moaneth
Is ever wild and deep.

Strange are the spectres that glimmer
And dance across the floor;
Strange as the elfs in legends
We read in days of yore.
But oftenest Memory cometh
Leading her gentle train;
The sound of their meeting seemeth
Like falling of the rain:

And around an altar sable,
Laden with fair flowers dead,
Calmly that sisterhood gather,
And meekly bow the head.
The walls of the chamber murmur:
'The flowers that load that bier
Would have lived in brighter bowers;
Why did ye leave them here?'

Then in tears HOPE sadly speaketh,
With buds clasped to her breast:
'These I found in childhood's roamings;
They were purest and the best.
Then this chamber was not dreary;
Sun-beams rested on the wall;
And an altar of rare brightness
Received my buds — my all.

'But as years stole on, the casement
Was darkly clouded o'er,
And the walls grew dark and dingy,
And sun-beams knew no more.
Then my cherished rose-buds faded,
And left me here to weep;
Now their leaves I garner sadly,
For Memory to keep.'

Then LOVE, with brow of sadness,
Brings from beneath her vest
A lily's leaves all withered,
And lays it with the rest.
The sisters bind, while weeping,
Chaplets on Memory's brow,
And each torn and blighted leaflet
They press with an earnest vow.

Then a strange and fearful brightness
 Flits o'er the dreary walls;
 And tapestry, dim and faded,
 Where sun-shine never falls:
 And thus through the haunted chamber
 Strange visions come and go,
 While the cypress sweeps the casement
 With moanings wild and low!

Rochester, N. Y.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND CHARACTER

LA SEVILLANA.

PART SECOND.

'DEATH lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
 Accursed time! unfortunate old man!'

'T WAS the great feast of Santa Rosalia, and all Palermo, drunk with excitement, had flocked to the *strada* Toledo; for the hour was fast approaching when, according to annual custom, the stately car, surmounted by a colossal statue of their patron saint, would be drawn through the entire length of the city, and deposited for the night in the centre of the palace square. On the *marina*, two fishermen, engaged in earnest conversation, were leaning against a boat, lying bottom upward on the beach, and near them a solitary sentry paced his weary watch, casting, from time to time, a wistful glance toward the *Porta Felice*, over which could be seen the gilded image of the Holy Maiden, bearing in her right hand, high above the loftiest houses, the sacred emblem of the crucifixion, while the prolonged shouts of the giddy populace announced that the car was about starting. An American frigate lay at anchor in the harbor, and one of her boats, crowded with officers, was within a cable's length of the *mole*. Suddenly the elder of the fishermen, throwing off his picturesque garb, displayed underneath the neat uniform of a sergeant of Spanish Foot. At this strange transformation, his companion, becoming pale as death, uttered a wild shriek of terror, and, hurriedly making the sign of the cross, turned to flee; but ere he had gone ten steps, the dagger of the Spaniard had drank his heart's blood, and he fell lifeless on the sand. The sentinel immediately gave the alarm, and a score of soldiers, issuing from the guard-house close by, quickly surrounded the assassin who, without a thought of escape, stood sternly gazing on the rigid features of the dead. Then forming into square, and placing their prisoner in their midst, the squad marched briskly off with fixed bayonets, taking the direction of the *Castillo d'oro*. At this instant, the eye of the Spaniard met the scrutinizing gaze of one of the Americans who had just landed, and with an effort which seemed almost superhuman, he broke through the serried ranks of his captors, and prostrated himself at his feet.

'Señor mio!'

‘My poor Pedro!’ cried the two, simultaneously.

‘Sir,’ said the lieutenant of the guard, stepping up to the American and courteously saluting him, ‘it seems you are acquainted with this unfortunate man!’

‘He is, or was the servant of one very dear to me,’ replied the latter, much agitated.

‘Then I much regret that duty compels me to carry him forthwith to prison; but if you would like to confer with him there, Sir, and will accompany me, I will see that you have a permit to do so.’

The guard now moved on with their prisoner, preserving the same order as before, while Harry Burton (for it was he) accompanied by his quondam school-mate, walked by the side of the friendly lieutenant. Upon our arrival at the prison, the Sicilian was as good as his word, and Harry and I were left alone with the criminal in the keeper’s room.

‘Pedro,’ said Burton, sorrowfully, forgetful, for the moment, of the subject nearest his heart, in his anxiety and compassion for the aged soldier, ‘is it thus we meet?’

‘Why look you here, Master Harry,’ answered old Pedro, drawing his trembling hand through his hoary locks, and wiping off the perspiration which stood in large drops upon his wrinkled brow, ‘the body which lies stark and stiff upon yon beach, is that of Diego Furtado, the vile servant of the vile Don Fernandez de Lema. I had long followed him with the intention of slaying him, and I do not now repent the deed; and yet, damned villain as he was! I would fain have killed him in open fight, for I am an old campaigner, Master Harry, and have fought on many a bloody field, and I like not this stabbing a man in cold blood, for there seems something cowardly in it; but after all, what would you have?’ said the veteran, musingly, as if communing with himself; ‘I had heard him describe to my very face (thinking all the while he was talking to a scoundrel like himself) the manner in which he seduced my grand-daughter, and murdered her father, my only child, the prop of my declining years; ay, all this I had heard, and I had borne it all, too, almost, yes, *almost* patiently,’ added the poor old man, after hesitating a moment; ‘but when he boasted of having, at his master’s instigation, forged the letter which caused my lady’s sudden death, and sent her daughter, the *General’s own flesh and blood*, to a mad-house, why *that*, you see, was too much; and I struck him where he stood.’

‘And she, the daughter Maria!’ cried Burton, in a state of frenzy, ‘tell me that she still lives, and I will bless thee, old man, with my latest breath. She is not dead; oh! no, you *could* not let her die!’

‘Alas!’ sobbed the faithful soldier, ‘she lives, indeed, but it were a mercy she were dead! For nearly a year my sweet young mistress has been an inmate of the insane asylum at this place!’

Harry waited to hear no more. Rushing madly from the room, he threw himself into a carriage at the castle-gate.

‘To the insane asylum!’ cried I, getting in after him, and drawing up the blinds.

‘When we arrived at the asylum, which stands a little removed from the city, I explained, as briefly as possible, to the attendant-physician, a man advanced in years, and of a most benevolent expression of countenance, the object of our visit.

‘Well, Sir,’ said he, after a few minutes’ reflection, ‘I cannot see that any harm can result from your friend’s having an interview with the poor young girl, and it may possibly be productive of good. I say possibly, not probably, mark you, my dear Sir; for, to speak frankly with you, I would not have you be too sanguine. My own opinion is that her madness will end only with her life.’

‘Then kindly laying his hand on Burton’s shoulder :

‘My young friend,’ said he, ‘you must endeavor to control your feelings. Remember her life, ay, more, her reason, may depend upon your firmness.’

‘Doctor,’ Burton calmly replied, ‘happen what may, I am prepared to abide the issue.’

‘I looked at him in astonishment. His voice betrayed no sign of emotion; and his features were as unmoved as those of a statue. Then, for the first time, I beheld the fearful calmness of despair! The doctor now led the way to the *cortile*, or court-yard, where was a crowd of lunatics of all ages, and of both sexes. Here crouched a miser, carefully hoarding a number of small yellow pebbles, which he had selected from the gravel at his feet; there, a woman, crazed with vanity, sate combing her long locks, and making a thousand grimaces before a broken mirror, her inseparable companion; near us, telling her beads, and breathing a prayer to the Virgin, knelt a nun, a religious enthusiast, her pale face illumined with a sweet smile, and her dark eyes beaming with celestial light, as they rested on a copy of Raphael’s Madonna; and, by her side, loaded with chains, writhed the victim of remorse, foaming at the mouth, and tearing his own flesh in his agony. Traversing the court, we came to a suite of apartments exclusively appropriated to females, and furnished with all that could tend to alleviate the sufferings of their unhappy occupants. In the farther corner of one of these lay Maria, nervously clutching a fragment of a letter, which she held in her right hand.

‘*Madre mia, madre mia, Enrique no viene!*’ she sighed.

‘Dearest Maria,’ said Harry, softly approaching her bed, and kneeling by her side, ‘I have been long absent, it is true, but the wanderer has returned at last; behold him at your feet!’

‘At the sound of this well-remembered voice, the maniac, with a look of surprise and doubt, sprang bolt upright, and parting her hair from her pale forehead with her transparent fingers, gazed steadfastly and searchingly at him for the space of a minute.

‘Enrique! Enrique!’ then she shrieked, and fell back senseless on the couch.

‘Truly THY ways are inscrutable, and THY mercy endureth for ever, O God!’ exclaimed the doctor, reverently uncovering his head. ‘She is saved, Mr. Burton; God has been pleased, in His infinite mercy, to heal her infirmity.’

‘The event justified the prediction. For two days Maria lay ill of a fever. On the morning of the third, however, the fever broke, and she sank into a refreshing slumber, upon awaking from which she immediately recognized Burton, although it was evident from her words that she fancied herself still in the cottage at Madeira.

‘ ‘O Harry!’ said she, ‘I have been very ill, have I not? I have had such fearful dreams! I thought we were separated, and— but what has become of mother, that I do not see her here?’ she asked, abruptly? ‘surely she is not sick, Harry?’

‘ ‘No, dearest,’ Burton calmly replied; ‘but she is lying down, and I do not like to awake her.’

‘ ‘Oh no, Harry, let her rest— poor, dear mother! And I will sleep again, too, dearest, I am so very, very tired.’

‘She did so; and when she again awoke, her senses were entirely restored. She was now removed, with the doctor’s consent, to the house of our Consul, where she soon recovered her health, but not her spirits. The gayety of her young days had fled for ever; and it was apparent to me that her nervous system had received a shock from which it could never wholly recover. She ever seemed composed, and even cheerful, while Harry was by her side; but let him be absent from her but for a moment, and she grew nervous and agitated, while her face became clouded with a shade of such deep, deep melancholy as was painful to look upon.

‘The good Pedro, who, through the intercession of the captain of our frigate, had received a full pardon from the viceroy, was now at the feet of his young mistress, whom he vowed never to lose sight of more. In fact, his devotion to her bordered on idolatry; and he was even heard to swear, in the height of his madness on this point, that, by all he held sacred, by *the memory of the good General himself*, he preferred for his resting-place at night the hardest plank outside of Donna Maria’s door, with his watch-coat for a pillow, to the most luxurious couch that had ever been seen in the palace of the Alhambra.

‘A month had sped; and the lovers began to talk of their approaching nuptials.

‘ ‘Henry, you forget,’ said Maria, ‘that I must first get the consent of His Holiness to our marriage. Would to God you were a Catholic, dearest, for I sometimes fear it is a great wickedness in me thus to adore a heretic!’

‘ ‘You may dismiss your fears, then, *vida mia*,’ Burton gravely responded. ‘I have long been impressed with the divine truths of your beautiful religion; long felt, to use the sublime language of Vinet, that ‘every worldling carries within him the germ of despair; every life without God, is equivalent to a suicide,’ and’ —

‘ ‘Now, praised be the Virgin!’ interrupted the maiden, throwing herself on his bosom, ‘this is happiness indeed! And now, dearest,’ she resumed, breaking a silence which had lasted some minutes, ‘let us touch upon a subject which we have forborne to mention hitherto, but which, nevertheless, painful as it is to us both, we will now speak of for the first and last time. I mean the causes which led to my hasty departure from Madeira, and my subsequent life until a merciful PROVIDENCE reunited us here. And first look carefully at this.’

‘Burton took the torn and crumpled paper which she handed to him, and gazed at it, scarce able to believe the evidence of his own senses.

‘ ‘God of heaven!’ he exclaimed, ‘can such villainy exist upon the earth!’

‘Every word, every letter of it seemed his own. It read thus :

‘‘MARIA, how shall I break to you the fearful fact that I am a married man? The mail-steamer, which has this instant arrived, has brought me intelligence of the existence of a wife, whom I had long supposed dead. Farther explanations would be useless now. May God have mercy on us both!’

HARRY.’

‘‘This was handed to me about an hour after you left, immediately upon the distribution of the English mail,’ continued Maria, ‘and the next morning mother and I left for Cadiz. We changed our place of residence frequently in Spain, and finally came to this city in the vain hope that the climate of Sicily would be beneficial to my mother’s health. We had been here but a few weeks, when, one morning, as we were going to early mass, Fernandez de Lema presented himself before us, and, in the most extravagant language, began to declare his love for me. ‘Away! murderer of my father!’ I cried. ‘Your every lineament is hateful to me!’ His lip quivered, and his cheek blanched as I spoke, but still he had the audacity to continue his suit.

‘‘‘Roche foucauld has said, dear cousin,’ he continued, throwing himself at my feet, ‘that a woman will pardon any faults her beauty has caused.’ Know, then, that your beauty has occasioned all my crimes. I made the accusation against your father, it is true; but I did so not to injure him, but in the hope that his property would be thereby confiscated to the Crown, and that then, for his and your mother’s sake, you would consent to share my ample fortune. Cousin, forgive me and be mine!’

‘‘As he thus spake, my loathing for him became so great, Harry, that I spurned him with my foot. Livid with rage, he rose, and, losing all command of himself:

‘‘‘Proud little fool!’ he shrieked, rather than spoke; ‘I caused the death of your father, it is true, but you do not yet know half. The letter which you dropped during your ride to the *Corsal*, I, your guide, picked up; the one you received, my servant, at my command, forged. Your love lies buried in the middle of the Atlantic ocean; he died of a broken heart. And now I have had my revenge.’

‘‘That night my mother died, and then I lost my reason. You know the rest.’

‘And now the priest had pronounced the nuptial-benediction, and Burton and Maria were united never more to part on earth. They proceeded immediately to Seville, (whither old Pedro and I accompanied them,) and took up their abode in the house which Maria had inherited from her father—an old castellated mansion, built some centuries before, which had witnessed her parents’ marriage and her own birth. And none could be happier in their married life than they were. Their former trials had but served to endear them the more to each other, and, strong in their mutual love, they endeavored in their happy Present to forget the unhappiness of the Past. They had served, too, to endue them with a lively sympathy for suffering humanity; and every morning, after matins, Maria and her husband set forth for the hospital of charity, attended ever by old Pedro, carrying in his hand a small basket filled with cordials and healing-ointments for the sick; and each evening, at the sound of the vesper-bell, they stood beside their gate, admin-

istering alms to the needy, and consolation to the distressed ; and many and fervent were the prayers which nightly went up from the poor man's roof for the welfare of the generous American and his lovely wife. But 'those whom the gods love, die young,' and, despite her husband's jealous care, Maria's step was fast losing its elasticity, and her cheek its bloom. Soon she was 'missed in her accustomed walks,' and, ere many days had fled, the Cathedral-bells, *tolling for the dying*, announced to the poor of Seville that the soul of their patroness was about taking its flight for a better world. And now the last sad rites had been administered, and Maria's dissolution was at hand.

'Come nearer, Harry ; place your arms about me, and kiss me ere I die. There — I am very happy now.'

'And so, as a wearied infant falleth asleep upon its mother's breast, Maria, with her head resting on Harry's bosom, and her eyes fixed on the crucifix at the foot of the bed, breathed her last. She was buried in the beautiful *Campo Santo*, on the banks of the Guadalquivir ; and many a tear was shed, and many a rare bouquet laid gently upon the coffin of the dark-eyed Sevillana, as her body was lowered to the grave.

'The evening after the funeral, Burton said to me, abruptly :

'I leave to-morrow for Italy. Don Fernandez de Lema is one of the officers of General Cordoba's army, lately disembarked at Gaeta. You will accompany me, of course.'

'Without speaking, I pressed his burning hand in mine. His face wore the same terrible expression of calmness and determination which I had noticed in the mad-house of Palermo.

'Now,' said he, quietly, leading the way to the street as he spoke, 'let us take our farewell of Seville for a season.'

'He paused a moment, and gazed earnestly through the *reja* of a house fronting the *Giralda*, while his lips moved as if in prayer ; then, crossing the *plaza* to the Cathedral, he lingered some time by the 'door of pardon,' and finally moved on toward the *Campo Santo*.

'Stay here, William ; I will return presently.'

'And I offered not to accompany him, for I knew he was going to the grave 'to weep there.' As we passed through the *paseo de las delicias* on our way homeward, Burton tarried near the pillar of Hercules. It was a lovely evening in May.

'On just such a night as this, on this very spot, I struck that villain, de Lema,' said he, thoughtfully.

'And on this same spot, just five years afterward, he returns the blow,' said a low, stern voice at my elbow.

'Turning, I beheld a dagger gleaming in the moon-light : the next instant it was buried to the hilt in Harry's breast.

'My God, I thank thee ! Maria, I come !' he faltered, as he fell on his face to the earth.

'Thus died Harry Burton, in the flower of his youth, by the hands of a vile assassin !

'And each afternoon, for many, many months, a gray-haired soldier, feeble and old, but bowed more by grief than age, was seen slowly walking along the banks of the Guadalquivir. He spake to none, nor even raised his eyes from the earth ; and even the priest's frown relaxed,

while aged men uncovered, and grave matrons and thoughtless maidens gave him their blessing as he passed ; and little children spake softly and low, as they pointed with their tiny fingers to Pedro's receding form ; and ever, as the dews of night began to fall, they huddled closer together, and whispered mournfully, one to the other, of the *loco* who kept watch by the tombs. But this could not continue long. One morn, I found him kneeling between *the two graves*, in an attitude of supplication, his arms crossed on his breast, and his eyes turned upward to the skies. I knelt beside him, and, laying my hand on his, whispered softly in his ear. But he heeded me not ; the spirit of the good old man had departed.

'And Harry sleeps in a foreign land ; but he rests well, for we laid him by Maria's side. A single slab serves to cover the two, bearing simply the words '*paciencia y esperanza*.' But Pedro boasts a statelier tomb. Near the gate of San Diego, on the right as you enter the Campo Santo, stands a proud monument, erected by the regiment of Seville, to commemorate the virtues of an old soldier. Upon it, engraved in letters of brass, is the inscription :

" '*Pedro, el Bueno,*
Fiel has ta la muerte.' "

'And the infamous Don Fernandez ?' cried I.

'Died by his own hands in the common jail at Madrid.'

'And you, my poor brother ! how much you must have suffered during these sad scenes !'

'The Lieutenant laid his head upon his sister's bosom, and again covered his face with his hands. He spoke not, but his tears were more eloquent than words.'

F. A. P., U. S. N.

T H E D E A D .

The dead alone are great !
While heavenly plants abide on earth,
The soil is one of dewless dearth ;
But when they die, a mourning shower
Comes down, and makes their memories flower
With odors sweet, though late.

The dead alone are fair !
While they are with us, strange lines play
Before our eyes, and chase away
God's light ; but let them pale and die,
And swell the stores of Memory —
There is no envy there.

The dead alone are dear !
While they are here, long shadows fall
From our own forms, and darken all ;
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made,
And they are bright and clear.

The dead alone are blest !
While they are here, clouds mar the day,
And bitter snow-falls nip their May ;
But when the tempest-time is done,
The light and heat of HEAVEN'S OWN SUN
Broods on their land of rest.

HENRY ALFORD.

'HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!'

BY I. J. BATES.

I.

How are the mighty fallen!
Fallen! fallen! fallen!
Fallen for evermore,
But not to dim obscure;
Fallen, so burst they forth
Unto the perfect day;
So fall the sun's first beams
After supreme eclipse:
'Tis but the curtain falls —
The curtain to their scene
Of honorable deeds —
Fullness accomplished of supernal mind!

II.

How wonderful is death!
Inexplicable change
Of principle unchanged!
Existence unexist!
How more than wonderful!
Majestic calmness throned
Upon that awful brow;
Eternal silence set
Where erst the thunder slept;
Where erst the lightning played,
The glory hath burnt out.

III.

As one who from a pit
Looks upward to the sky,
So we, from depth profound
Of universal woe,
Behold the stars at noon,
And reverently bow
Beneath thy shadowing wings,
Inevitable Fate! —
Whose darkness hath revealed
The glory of that light
Lost, for a moment, in the glare of day.

IV.

Not to the Past, O heart!
Not to the withered leaves
Beneath the tree of life,
But to the future, turn,
Whose springing buds are green,
And murmuring to the wind —
The balmy wind of hope:
Bright, through the top-most bough,
Serenely beautiful,
In awful splendor burns
The newly-risen Star!

LETTERS FROM POPLAR HILL.

LETTER THIRD.

Poplar Hill, August, 18—

DEAR EMILY : I am sitting alone in father's room, watching his uneasy slumbers. Mother and Elsie have just started for Judge Howard's; and Margaret has left me to gather some flowers, which I shall send you with this. Father was taken very ill last night; his foot had troubled him all day, and probably the nervous excitement induced by the pain affected his whole system. Mother did not express much sympathy for him; and as she showed no positive ugliness, I am inclined to believe that she has become so accustomed to his occasional distressed turns that she does not feel them as I do. We all know if we habitually gaze on misery, our sensibilities become blunted; yet if those we love are afflicted, our sympathies should be cultivated as much as the mind or manners, and the frequency of pain only call forth in us renewed efforts of support and cheer. Father does not remark mother's indifference, but he was pleased when I came in to sit by him, and soon fell asleep.

This morning I heard mother say that the maid was so much occupied every morning that the parlor was never in order until mid-day. So with the double motive of pleasing her, and brightening the dull drawing-room, I offered to arrange and dust it every morning. She was pleased, and was gracious enough to give me a lecture on household affairs. Now, then, I have one definite duty at home, and although comparatively so insignificant a one, I shall render it important by prompt attention and taste. Yesterday, while unpacking my books I saw your brother Harold ride past. I watched for his return, that I might send you a message, but he did not come back this way. I do not know that I could have summoned courage to stop him, he looked so stern and grave. He is like you, Emily, in manner at least, so calm, dignified, and reserved. Were his eyes less searching, and his voice less peremptory, he would resemble you still more.

Mother expects some friends of hers from Albany to-morrow, and I may be occupied at home for several days. A maiden sister and her niece are coming; I cannot tell how long they will remain. The west room has undergone a thorough cleaning for their accommodation, and there have been sundry preparations in the culinary department, which have made themselves manifest in unmistakable savory odors. I hope I shall not be very much engaged with these visitors, for I have become quite settled, and have made the resolution to continue my reading and studies. I spent nearly the whole morning in the garret, looking over a great trunk of old books. They had not been touched for years; some were mouldy, and all were covered with dust. I found a fine translation of Schiller's *Lay of the Bell*, in an old English magazine. Four lines of it described our motherless condition so forcibly that they brought tears :

‘How oft they miss that tender guide,
The care, the watch, the face, the mother;
And where she sat the babes beside,
Sits, with unloving looks, another.’

Oh! did the German poet ever feel that want, that sympathy, that love! How true it is, when we sympathize with an author, all differences of language are overleaped, and we seem brothers in habit, in nation, in clime. I found several school-books of brother Henry's, with his name written in the front, with bold flourishes, by my father, and great ships, with flaunting sails all over the fly-leaves, pencilled by a younger hand.

One had our joint names on the cover; and as I turned over the dog-eared leaves, every page brought those happy school-days back to me. What a mountain that little dictionary was to him then; and with what hearty disgust he would fling it to the opposite wall, and expend his indolence and ire on the furniture around him! Poor fellow! how I long to see him! Father spoke of him yesterday with unabated censure, but he sighed heavily when he had finished speaking. If Henry could only come home now, I feel confident he would be forgiven. I am sure father's heart is subdued, and yearning to be reconciled. If I only knew where to direct a letter to Henry, I would write immediately. Agnes thinks he is in South America. So I can do nothing but wait, and that, oh! that is so very difficult to do!

I am so much disappointed to find that I cannot see Agnes oftener. The walk to Kilvale is too long for me to attempt often or to go alone; and now the horses are in the fields harvesting. The frequent rains have spoiled much of the hay; and father is hurrying to get the remainder under cover. My brother-in-law is entertaining several political friends at his house, and consequently sister's time is much occupied. She looks pale and care-worn, and, from some unknown cause, seems to feel much unspoken anxiety. She tells me they are going to New-York earlier than usual this year, intending to leave Kilvale by the first of October, and then I shall lose her society altogether.

EVENING.

I WAS interrupted this morning by mother's return, and I have been so much occupied since, that I could not complete this letter. But I am alone now, and must finish it. Mother did not find the Howards at home, and therefore returned somewhat ill-humored. She said two or three fashionable friends of Mrs. Howard's were visiting her, and she evidently desired to become acquainted with them. I acknowledge I was surprised that she did not ask me to accompany her, as I am the eldest at home; but it would have been hardly proper for me to have gone, as I am still in deep mourning. Perhaps she thought of this, and would not pain me by an allusion. After dinner, Margaret and I went to the garden with our books and drawing. The small grape-arbor in the lower garden is so completely shaded in the afternoon that I am enamored with the wild neglect of the place, its decayed frame-work and trailing vines. Maggie and I had a social time. She read to me, while I occupied myself with my drawing, until she became listless, and went to the orchard for fruit. I watched her as she ran in the clear

sun-shine over the soft grass, and beneath the tree-shadows. Oh! 't was a fair sight! But fairer than all was the beautiful child with her hair floating around her, and her little feet kissing the meadow-flowers. Dear girl, when I kissed but half an hour ago, 'her large musing eyes, neither joyous nor sorry,' I hoped I might imbibe some of her meekness and purity. The thought has often made me sad, that her young life should be so overshadowed, when mine basked in the sun-shine of an almost motherly love. Would that I might free thee, sweet one, or create one star in the cloud-heaven of thine existence!

I had been alone but a few moments, when I heard voices in the upper garden, and children's feet on the terrace. After little feet dashed past the arbor, elder voices drew near, and at length became perfectly distinct. One I recognized as my mother's, and in a confidential tone. If the means of escape had been open to me, I could not have availed myself of them, for the first sentence of her lips chained me to the spot.

'His health has failed very much of late; I cannot believe he will last long,' she said.

'One cannot tell,' replied a deep, manly voice, not at all familiar to me; 'one cannot tell; his disease is a very deceitful one.'

'At all events, the property is secured. I have paid his debts, and he has conveyed the estate to me.'

'But the children, how will they be provided for?'

'Bertha's aunt Mary left her a competence, and Agnes will take Margaret, I suppose. Mr. Ellicott is foolish not to insist on Bertha's living on her income; however he'll soon find that will be impossible.'

The steps receded, and the reply was too indistinct to be caught. The moments that elapsed seemed hours; the wild tumult in my breast bowed me to the very earth. When I lifted my head the day-light seemed dim; the waving breezes brought icy breezes to my brow; existence seemed an agony! I had no tears to shed; all of beauty, of brightness, of joy, had departed; 'every where the sun shone except upon my own cold forehead!' My home was the lurking-place of a fiend; and what must not parent and child bear in consequence? Would God suffer it? I pressed my hand on my eye-lids to shut out the consciousness of misery, and something whispered:

'Pray to Him!'

A step close at my side started me, and the inquiry in the same deep tones, 'Is this your drawing, young lady?' caused me to rise, and looking into the face above, I instantly recognized Judge Howard. I turned away and burst into uncontrollable tears.

He was polite enough to offer no consolation, but waited until my emotion was spent. I hated the man, but I admired the gentleness of his demeanor, for with affecting kindness he talked of the drawings, of my taste and abilities, not once alluding to my distress.

When I went into the house some time after, the visitors had gone. So I bathed my eyes and read to father until supper. I met mother at the tea-table. She was more than usually affable; and I was convinced she did not suspect me of overhearing the conversation. If my manner was changed, she did not perceive it; and my irritated feelings, in a

different atmosphere, soon became calm. I am calm now, very calm. I know all the hopelessness of my situation; its worst aspects are before me. Yet I will not despair. Youth is strong and hopeful. I shall comfort my father, love and teach Margaret, be dutiful to my step-mother as long as I can. To-morrow the visitors will be here, but the day after I shall see you.

Good-bye. Believe me, until then, your own

BERTHA ELLICOTT.

H O P E S .

BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

I.

YE beautiful hopes of BOYHOOD,
Where have ye strayed away?
Gone, like the summer-shower,
Passed like the summer-day!
I see your bright eye glancing
By the brook and in the glen;
Ye beautiful hopes of BOYHOOD,
Come ye not back again?

II.

YE beautiful hopes of MANHOOD,
Image of BOYHOOD's hour,
I feel your warm breath on me,
And oh! its thrilling power!
And I hear your angel foot-falls
In the breeze that fans me now;
And the touch of your gentle fingers
Is the coolness on my brow.

III.

All sun-light are your pinions,
All golden is your track;
And the silver of your whisper
Says, ye *are* coming back:
Here, take this crystal tear-drop,
From purest joy distilled;
O beautiful hopes of MANHOOD,
My fond heart ye have filled!

IV.

You're singing your organ-anthem
In the chambers of my soul,
And the musical-waves come rolling
As waves of the ocean roll:
With snowy wings now folded,
On with the syren-song;
Ye beautiful hopes of MANHOOD,
Will ye not tarry long?

V I S I O N S O F H O M E .

I.

PRONE upon a bed of sickness,
 Tossing there in feverish pain,
 Wondering oft, with childish weakness,
 If I e'er shall sleep again ;
 When my parching lips are longing
 For the cooling stream at home,
 FANCY springs, her pinions pluming,
 And mid childhood-scenes I roam !

II.

There I stand beneath the covering
 Of the cherry-trees in bloom,
 White as though an angel hovering
 Shook his wings and dropped perfume :
 Cooling breezes waft the incense,
 To each sense intoxicate ;
 Joyous birds in sweet concordance
 Warble mid the boughs elate.

III.

Undulating hills and valleys
 Rise and fall on every side ;
 There the brook its forces rallies ;
 Leaping, laughing, on they glide ;
 Fleecy clouds with light all burnished
 Seem some changing palace fair,
 As with eastern splendor furnished
 Gorgeously they glisten there.

IV.

O DISEASE ! I fain would thank thee
 For this vision of my youth ;
 Ne'er again those hills can charm me,
 Pictured with such perfect truth ;
 For their pleasant scenes are changing,
 Tree and cottage passed away ;
 Other childish forms are ranging,
 Where with friends I used to stray.

V.

And my play-mates are no longer
 Children, in their song and glee ;
 Other ties to them grown stronger ;
 They are not as once to me.
 Then I thank thee, wearying SICKNESS !
 For this glimpse of Far-away,
 Praying I may e'er with meekness
 Bear the chastening when I stray.

Syracuse, December 26, 1853.

O. M. G.

JOHN BIGGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATTORNEY,' 'HARRY HARRISON,' ETC.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

DAYS went flitting by until they grew to be months, and months swelled into years. Each wrote its story as it went, and the tenor of that story was, 'change;' but the changes wrought by Time are always gradual, and its silent work could be detected only by looking back through the past, and contrasting it with the present.

Children had grown to be men, and men, stalwart and robust, had sunk into decrepitude. Households told the same story. There was a broken crutch in the garret, and an empty settle in the chimney-corner, where the old man used to sit, querulous with age, and in the way of every one except the half-blind dog who dozed at his feet, and licked his palsied hand, and with dim eyes, still looked affectionately at him. Time had done its silent work there, likewise. The grass was growing rank and long where the old man now slept, and his dog was long since forgotten. Yet, it was but ten years — a small span in history, but a long one in the life of man.

It had told its tale, too, on the blacksmith; but his frame was an iron one, and although, perhaps, it was not quite as erect as it had been, its rugged strength had withstood the brunt of years, well. His hair had become nearly white, and his face more furrowed; but there was the same expression of simple, honest purpose in his look, and the same character of iron repose about his massive face, and the same appearance of slumbering strength in his limbs, as in days long past.

He had kept his promise to the boy committed to his charge, well; and in so doing, he had reaped his own reward; for, as Harry Lindsay grew up, and day by day developed those traits of character which had always rendered his family beloved among their neighbors, the blacksmith learned to regard him with the same pride and affection as if he had been his own child.

'He's a noble lad,' said he to one of his neighbors — although Harry was now nearly a man — as they stood looking at him galloping past the smithy, his fine features glowing with health and exercise, and his eyes dancing with life and happiness. 'He's the same as my own child to me — almost.'

But, although John had thus far carefully guarded his childhood, and had been his confidential adviser as he advanced in years, he had not been alone in the formation of the boy's character; for, shortly after the death of Mr. Lindsay, Dick Bolles, finding that John could not be induced to abandon the smithy, 'pulled up stakes,' as he termed it, and took up his abode in the village. He had a warm admiration for the blacksmith, not unmingled with a feeling of pity for the guileless simplicity of his character. As soon as he understood the nature of the

relation which existed between John and Harry Lindsay, he mentally constituted himself the guardian of both of them. For he remarked, that although John was a good man, and a man of learning, he was but a child in the ways of the world, and must be looked after. 'He'll do all he can for that boy, and he'll do a good deal in his line; but it'll take me, to make a man of him.'

The idea of Dick Bolles, as to the course of education requisite for a young man, was indeed different from that of the blacksmith. The former, in his youth, had been somewhat noted as a hard-riding dare-devil, with a dash of the moss-trooper in his character. It was true, that with the increase of years came a proportionate diminution of his mad-cap propensities, and he had, at length, become quite a sedate personage. Still, he evinced a strong hankering for his old habits, but he resolutely kept it down, and yielded to other and younger men his place as ring-leader in all the scrapes and hair-brained pranks which took place there. It was well-known, however, that, notwithstanding his reformation, Dick had still a kindly feeling toward every vagabond within the purlieus of the place, and took their part on all occasions. He was looked up to as a sort of oracle by the stage-drivers and owners of fast-trotting horses, and knew the name of every horse which had won a race for the last century. Every good-for-nothing fellow whose exploits had rendered him a terror and nuisance to the neighborhood, was sure of a kind word, or a nod, half of caution and half of encouragement, from Dick.

Dick had watched the proceedings of the blacksmith for a long time in silence, but, as Harry Lindsay gradually advanced in years, he thought it high time to advance his opinions; which he boldly did, by telling John that it was all very well to keep an eye on the lad as he did, but he would be glad to know when he intended to make a man of him in good earnest? He then proceeded to illustrate his idea of what a man should be, which idea, when fully carried out, turned out to be a very glowing delineation of what he himself had been in early years. The blacksmith shook his head and smiled, for there was too much open honesty, too much truthfulness, and too much of love and charity toward his fellow-man, mixed up in the nature of Dick Bolles, for the smith to do other than appreciate his character; but he gave no assent. His friend did not wait for it; for, having convinced himself that John was laboring under a mental hallucination on the subject of education, he determined to carry into effect his own plan of instruction, and forthwith set about diluting the moral precepts enjoined by John, by infusing in the boy's character a large portion of that love of mischief which was so prominent in his own.

Thus, under the care of his two guardians, Harry Lindsay had grown up, a noble, high-spirited lad, truthful and upright, yet with a dash of that buoyant, daring spirit which went very far, among his associates, to set off and enhance the sterling traits of his character.

John Biggs eyed him with pride, for he knew him to be all that he had hoped, and he felt that the anxious care which he had bestowed upon him, had met its reward. Dick Bolles was equally ardent in his admiration, for he said, 'he had often seen him put his horse at a five-

barred fence, and clear it at a flying leap, and that was more than any man there could do ; and, as to his other qualifications, it was not for him to say much about them, seeing that he had had a hand in making him what he was, but that he *would* say, that he could handle any man of his inches in the place, and he but a boy !'

Notwithstanding the progress which Harry Lindsay was thus clearly making, they who had charge of his person and estate during his minority, thought it necessary that he should complete his education at a University in one of the New-England cities, and preparations for his departure were made without delay.

The day before he set out, John left his work, and spent the day at the house. He passed part of the time in going over the house with him, and then they strolled over the grounds. In their walk, they paused at a small plot of ground which had been used for more than a century as the burial-place of the Lindsays. It was a sequestered spot, shadowed by weeping-willows and large acacias, and overlooked the Long-Island Sound.

The smith paused, and turning to Harry, said, in an earnest tone :

'Harry, lad, here sleep those from whom you have sprung. There is not one lying here for whom you need to blush. Pray to God that when you rest at their side your descendants may have reason to feel the same pride in you ; and remember, that when your father died, he imposed it as a sacred trust on me, to bring you up to resemble those who are resting here. I have endeavored to do so ; but the hardest trials of your life are yet to come. Temptation will beset you ; the impulses of youth will be at war with right ; you will meet with evil advisers, and I shall not be at hand to counteract their influence : but, in the hour of your sorest trial, think of the old blacksmith ; of his anxiety for you — of his promise to your father — and endeavor to remember what he has said. And remember too, lad, that if you need a friend, a single line will bring me to you, no matter where you may be, or what may be the nature of your trouble.'

Harry loved the blacksmith, and he promised all that he asked. As yet, life to him was but a dream of sunshine, and although he looked earnestly up in the rugged face which was bending so anxiously over him, and saw the furrows on the cheek and on the brow, he thought not of the cares and sorrows which had made them so deep, and had given to its whole cast such an anxious earnestness. And, as he looked forward at the path which Hope was spreading out before him, he saw nothing like a shadow in the bright vista which it presented. He laughed merrily, and told John that he was an old raven, but still he promised all that he asked, and John was satisfied.

Before day-light on the following morning, Harry took his seat in the stage-coach which was to carry him to the city of New-York, whence he was to go by steamer to Boston, his place of destination.

John Biggs was in attendance, to see him off. Dick Bolles, too, was there, and after listening with great patience to John's farewell injunctions, merely added :

'All that John says, is very true, and you 'd better do as he tells you ;

but if you can't, and at any time should need a pair of fists to help you on, just call on Dick Bolles, will you ?'

Harry promised that he would, with so much heartiness, that Dick could not help remarking there was not a little proper spirit in the lad, and that he thought he'd turn out a good deal of a man, if they did not spoil him in that infernal college where he was going.

The separation had been a hard one, both for the young man and his rough guardians, but although Dick said it was all nonsense, the smith knew that the separation was necessary.

It was a very gloomy season for John, for he had been so much accustomed to see the lad daily about him, that his absence made him feel very dull ; but he repeated that it was all right, and said that there was no use in 'talking about it, and there was the end of it.' And generally, after some such remark, he would betake himself to his bellows or hammer, and work off every inclination toward despondency with great energy.

But there were gleams of sunshine, too ; for every fortnight brought a letter ; and on such occasions John was always cheerful, and not unfrequently so far laid aside his usual taciturnity, as to read them to the frequenters of the smithy. His honest face fairly glowed with delight, at the encomiums which always followed. It was understood by all, that nothing but encomiums were allowed ; for, one of his listeners having, in an evil hour, ventured to criticise these productions a little too harshly, received such a severe rating from the black-smith, that he did not show his face there for a month. He ever afterward became one of the most ardent admirers of Harry Lindsay ; and finally completed his subjugation of John's good-will, by swearing that he thought the lad would one day become the President of the United States.

With all John's warm attachment to Harry, he kept a steady watch upon him. He permitted none except himself to cavil at him ; but no stern monitor could be more vigilant in noting and repressing every tendency to wrong — no parent more kind and earnest in remonstrance, and in pointing out the right path, and the inducements not to swerve from it. Thus, time fled. Harry Lindsay, nearly of age, was expected at home, his studies completed, and ready to commence the great struggle which, whether for weal or woe, ends in the same resting-place to all — the grave.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE wind had been moaning through the trees the whole night ; and at day-break the sky was of a dull lead-color, with here and there clouds, of a still more murky hue, sweeping across it. As the day advanced, it became almost black ; and the wind increased, but no rain fell. The cattle in the fields had left off feeding, and had gathered under the lee of the fences or out-buildings for shelter. Now and then a great branch, torn by main force from some old tree, would be wafted through the air like a feather.

On the day of which this story treats, a knot had collected in John Biggs' smithy, and were discussing the violence of the gale. All agreed that they had never witnessed such a storm. While this discussion was

going on, Dick Bolles was seen making his way to the shop, his head bent down, and his whole figure braced against the wind. As he entered, he paused, drew a long breath, and, taking off his hat, ran his fingers through his hair, while he glanced his eye over the group.

'This *is* a whistler!' ejaculated he. 'John,' said he, turning to the black-smith, 'here's a letter for you. I got it from the post-office. If I know any thing of hand-writing, it's from the lad Harry.'

He took a letter from the lining of his hat and gave it to the smith, and then looked at him as if he expected, as a matter of course, to be informed of its contents.

John wiped his hands on his leather-apron, and, taking the letter carefully between his fingers, went to the door to read it.

'What's the news?' inquired Dick, after he had waited for what he considered a reasonable length of time; 'good or bad?'

'Good,' replied the other, his face lighting up. 'The lad's guardians have decided that he is to come home, and that his education is finished. In a few months he will be of age,' added he.

'When will he come?' inquired Bolles, impatiently; 'tell us that.'

The smith looked at the letter:

'He is to start on Wednesday,' said he — 'Wednesday.' John turned to the date of the letter. 'It was written on Saturday last,' said he. 'Wednesday! God help the child! he's on the Sound now!'

'Will he come by water?' inquired Dick.

'Yes,' said John. 'The letter says, 'I'll come by the steamer through the Sound, and will be in New-York on Wednesday night, and on Thursday at home!'

Dick paused for a moment, and then added:

'But he won't come.'

John looked at him for a reason, which Dick gave immediately:

'Do you hear how the wind roars among the trees even here under the hill? On the Sound it howls like a legion of devils. No boat will venture on the Sound this night. If she *does*, I should n't like to be aboard of her.'

John went to the door and looked out.

'You're right. She won't come, and she ought not to come. But,' said he, after a moment's pause, 'if she *should*, Harry will come in her. I know him well; he's very rash. Ah! Dick, who made him so?'

'He's no flincher,' said Dick; 'and I respect him for it. What's the name of the boat?'

'The Penobscot.'

Dick gave vent to a loud and prolonged whistle of surprise.

'I'm sorry for that, for I am afraid that she will come, for Captain Smith is afraid of nothing; I've known him from a boy. Harry is on the Sound now.'

'God protect him!' ejaculated John.

'You may say that,' replied Bolles. 'Hark to the wind! the night will be fearful!'

'They say there was a mighty big limb swept off the old tulip-tree at Sodoris last night,' said an old grizzled negro, who went by the name

of Knot, derived either from the toughness of his character, or the tightness of the curl of his wool; 'and,' said he, by way of increasing the interest of his communication, 'they *do* say that when one of them limbs goes, a Lindsay always runs a mighty risk, if he don't go too.'

Dick Bolles turned a fiery eye upon the prophet of ill, who incontinently withdrew into a corner, and did not after that join in the conversation.

The letter had thrown a gloom over the whole party; but Dick Bolles found no one to agree with him; for the general opinion seemed to be either that the steamer had not started on her route, or that she had put into some port on the Sound. Dick, however, persevered in his opinion.

The day wore on, and toward night the wind began to lull, although it still blew fiercely. Dick Bolles had left the smithy, and although persons had been coming and going to and fro all day, toward night John Biggs was left to himself. His fears had somewhat subsided as the wind went down; but still there was a feeling of apprehension in his mind which made him watch the approach of any one with anxiety, and caused him to leave his work earlier than usual. He did not go home when he had shut up the shop, but without any other reason than to gratify the feeling of restlessness which he could not overcome, he directed his steps down the lane which led to the house.

The wind was sharp, and he walked briskly. About a mile down the road he met a man coming from the direction of the Sound.

'A fine night, Mr. Biggs,' said the man as he approached; 'may be you'll be going to Sodoris to-night?' As he spoke he pointed toward the Sound. 'They say there's a vessel a-fire there, but I do n't know about it; there's a great light there, any how.'

'Where is it?' inquired John.

'Off West-Island,' replied the other, and John hurried off.

At the place designated by the man were two islands, jutting about two hundred yards out into the Sound. They inclosed between themselves and the shore a small land-locked bay, about a mile in length, and a few hundred yards in width. They communicated with the land by means of a causeway, which at certain times of tide was submerged in the water. One of these islands was the one indicated by the man, and thither John Biggs directed his steps. As he came to the shore he found the tide at the full. He did not pause, but waded across the causeway. As he reached the island, he saw a person hurrying along the road.

'Is that a vessel on fire there?' inquired John.

'Ay, Sir,' said the man. 'You can see her, for it's so dark now that she makes a great light. The miller says it's a steam-boat, the Penobscot. You can see her pipes.'

John Biggs made no reply, but darted to the shore. A group of men were standing there; and there were several boats drawn up on the borders of a creek which put in between the two islands. John strode among them with a fierce, determined tread.

'What steamer is that?'

'The Penobscot,' replied the miller, abruptly. 'I know her.'

'Launch this boat!' said John, in a stern, deep voice. 'Lend us a hand.'

He seized one of the boats as he spoke, applied his giant strength, and, aided by one or two of the crowd, the heavy boat shot out into the creek.

'What are you going to do?' demanded one of them, still holding by the gun-wale of the boat; 'it's an awful night!'

'I'm going to that steamer,' said John, in a stern tone. 'Wilson, help me hoist the sail.'

'She can't stand it!' said Wilson, earnestly.

'She *shall* stand it!' said John, sternly. 'Throw in some stones for ballast, boys.'

The miller hesitated for a moment, for the howling of the storm and the shrieks of the wind through the tall trees was truly appalling.

'It's a dreadful night, even on shore, John!'

'What must it be to those who are burning up there?' replied he. 'Help me, I say! Harry Lindsay's there, and I'll try to save him, or I'll go down too!'

He paused not while he spoke, but was tugging at the sheet which hoisted the sail, which, as it slowly rose, flapped and cracked in the wind, with a sharp report like the sound of musketry.

'Take in a double reef, John!' shouted the miller, for the flapping of the sail and the howling of the wind rendered his ordinary tone almost inaudible. 'Keep her in the wind, else we can't hold her,' said he, for a dozen hands were grasping the stern of the boat to keep her in her place until the sail should be reefed.

John was busied at the rope, which had become in some way entangled, and was cracking with the sail like the lash of a whip, flinging the blocks to and fro. The sail was but one third hoisted when the boat swayed round; the wind bellied out the canvas, partially raised as it was; the boat leaned before it until the side almost touched the water; there was a desperate struggle on the part of those on shore to hold her back.

'Look to your helm, John!' shouted the miller; 'we can't hold her!'

Even as he spoke she broke from the grasp of all but himself. There was a moment's hesitation on his part; a single look at his comrades on the shore, and with a bound he was in the boat and grasped the tiller.

'It's a mad business, but you shall not be alone. Let the sail alone; it's better as it is. She's got as much as she can carry. Gather in the slack, and keep it from bellying out too far, and make your sheet fast. It's a fearful night!'

Even as he spoke the boat had shot out of the creek, and was rushing through the black waste of waters, her course marked by a streak of phosphoric light which gleamed in her wake.

There was a tall, gaunt man among those left standing on the shore. He wore an old cap on his head, and the rest of his body was covered by a heavy pea-coat, in the pockets of which his arms were thrust

nearly down to his elbows. He had instinctively lent his aid to launch the boat, and now stood watching the course it had taken.

'He'll never come back, I'm afeard. It's tempting PROVIDENCE to go on to the Sound on a night like this! And John Biggs, too, of all men! I never see him take on so afore.'

'It had become so dark that the small boat was lost in the gloom; but far out in the Sound they could see the flames flashing over the waters from the burning vessel; and sometimes the dull toll of her bell came faintly over the waters mingled with the hissing of the wind.

'If the wind holds on in this way,' said the person just described, 'they'll not be back to-night; if they are n't swamped they'll have to run over to Westchester. Has any one a night-glass about here?'

A lad recollected that there was one belonging to Wilson in an old mill near there.

'Run and bring it, my boy,' said the man, 'and we'll see how things look.'

He stood motionless, and apparently unmindful of the gale, but keeping his eyes fixed upon the boiling waters, and occasionally turning in the direction of the mill.

'Hullo! Captain Sam,' said a quick voice at his elbow, 'is that you?'

'Yes, Mr. Bolles, it is,' replied the other, in the slow, deliberate tone which seemed to be one of his characteristics.

'What boat is that on fire?'

'The Penobscot, we reckon. We can see her red pipes. She's the only boat on the Sound with sich pipes,' replied the other.

'Have you seen John Biggs?' inquired Dick Bolles.

The boatman extended his arm toward the burning boat:

'He's gone there.'

'There!' exclaimed the other. 'Is he mad?'

'We all think so,' replied the boatman.

'Here's the glass,' said the boy, holding out the telescope.

Captain Sam took the glass, placed it to his eye, and swept the horizon until he fixed it upon the burning vessel. His examination was very protracted, very deliberate, and very minute.

'They ar' n't upset yet,' said he. 'I can see her sail betwixt us and the blaze. If Wilson had n't been aboard of her, she'd a been over in no time. It's a pity to lose a man like Mr. Biggs.'

'If John Biggs dies now, he'll die as he has lived, in the discharge of his duty,' said Dick Bolles, earnestly; 'but he shan't die if I can he'p it. What sloop is that?'

As he spoke he pointed to a small coasting-vessel of about fifty tons, such as navigate the Sound, which was moored in the creek, her single mast swaying to and fro in the darkness.

'She's mine — the Polly Skinner,' replied Captain Sam.

'Well, the Polly Skinner is going to make a voyage to-night,' said Dick Bolles. 'If you'll go, so much the better. If you won't, I'll go alone.'

'Captain Sam looked out in the Sound, and up at the sky, and then at his sloop.

'We've took in a double reef already, and by leaving the peak down I s'pose we might venture,' said he, 'especially as the wind seems going down some, and beca'se it's Mr. Biggs. Come, my lads, let's be stirring!'

C R E A T I O N ' S H E A R T .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

I STAND among old Earth's green hills;
 The sun is setting slow;
 Around me are the lengthening shades,
 Above, the purple bow:
 I hear a deep and murmuring sound,
 Though all the hills are still;
 It swells up through the trembling air,
 The conscious heaven doth fill:
 Great Heart of Earth! throb on, throb on!
 Each pulse is calm and deep,
 That I may sink upon thy breast
 In quiet, trustful sleep.

II.

The stars in shining train come out
 Beyond the depths of blue;
 Bright worlds in the wide spaces crowd,
 And shut the aching view:
 I gaze till sight in soul is lost;
 Beyond this burning wall,
 Ten thousand rise, far, far withdrawn —
 Ten thousand, yet not all;
 Each orb is throbbing strong and lone,
 Though of the whole a part;
 And all for ever throb as one
 Creation's mighty Heart!

III.

I hear the sound, a deep, low tone,
 From every heart of love,
 And from the whole gives answer to
 The ONE that throbs above;
 A mighty anthem, rolling wide,
 And deepening from afar,
 The throbbing of Creation's Heart
 From every shining star;
 Through years and ages, centuries,
 The drops of Time's deep river,
 Flowing unchanged from sea to sea,
 Goes up to God for ever!

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

WASHINGTON SHOWS SENSIBILITY.

'GEO. SAND says of PIERRE HEUGENIN in the *Tour de France*, 'Sa nature, toute tournée à la contemplation méditative, excluait cette activité pratique, cette habileté spéciale, qui sont nécessaires.'

'I say the same of cousin WASH.

TONY FUDGE.

WASHINGTON FUDGE continues in the exercise of elegant accomplishments. At least his valet regards them as such; and so do the admiring Lorettes; and so will his mother on his return; and half the New-York world beside. In old-fashioned times, when we all were younger, a little mental cultivation was needed to make up what was counted elegance of character; this is now outrageous; a neat handling of 'the lines,' familiar knowledge of play-actresses, fair acquaintance with Saratoga 'brag,' and the occasional ordering of a dinner at the Lake House or at Downing's, are quite enough, even without an eye-glass, to establish a young man's reputation for elegance.

The elegant women of our day are those who know how to appreciate such attainments. It is perhaps needless to say, that the number of our elegant women is on the increase.

WASH. FUDGE is not a little proud of the sensation he can make at the Ranelagh; he is equally proud of the marked effect he produces on the minds of such of his countrymen as encounter him in his drives through the Bois de Boulogne, in company with the Countess de Guerlin. He pictures to himself, with infinite satisfaction, the surprise and delighted admiration which would overcome the minds of his mama and of WILHE, if they could but feast their eyes upon him as he adjusts his gloves, *couleur de paille*, in a front box of the opera, and brings his *lorgnette* to bear upon the established beauties of the house.

But there are some thorns in the path of pleasure, even on the asphalté of Paris. Our elegant cousin has his sources of uneasiness, among which may be mentioned a disturbed recollection of very many sight-drafts upon his esteemed father—an elegant succession of expenses, and a lively fear of the resentful character of that accomplished swordsman, the Colonel DUPRE.

But WASH. is not forsaken by the Countess, although he has grown timid in his approaches to the quiet salon of the Rue de Helder. She is kind to him; I will not say but that she rallies him, now and then, about attention to new sword-practice; still, she is kind. She appreciates the embarrassment of his position. She avows herself greatly

indebted to him; she has become the unwilling instrument of his losses. How can she ever repay her *cher* FUDGE? How? It would be hard, at this point of our history, to say.

No one can be unreasonable enough to think that the apathetic SOLOMON, late Mayor, with the gold-bowed spectacles resting on his forehead, in his snug counting-room at the bank, could receive notice of WASHINGTON'S drafts upon him with indifference. Very far from it. I have already hinted at various disturbing causes, in the usually placid level of my uncle SOLOMON'S thought.

He determined with himself that it was high time the elegant young gentleman should return to his own country, and give proof of his accomplishments upon American soil. I cannot say that he participated to the full extent in Mrs. PHOEBE'S pride and hopes. He wrote as follows:

'MY DEAR WASHINGTON: I cannot pay longer your frequent drafts upon me. My affairs are not in so good case as at last writing. Practise economy, and make arrangements to return speedily, when I hope you will enter immediately upon some sound business-calling.

'Your mamma will advise you of what has transpired with reference to the BODGERS estate since our last writing. This will be a new cause for retrenchment, as we can hardly hope to oppose successfully the QUID claims. Money is at a high figure in the street; and should you need a few hundreds to return, draw on me at sixty days.

'YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.'

Mrs. FUDGE writes thus:

'MY DEAR WASHY: I have very much to tell you. We are terribly disturbed; you have heard of Mr. BODGERS' death, and how he left no will, as any one can find. Your father was made administrator, with Mr. BIVINS; things were going very well, as we thought, and KIRRY would have had a handsome slice, which would have made her perhaps to be considered as a match for you, my dear son, although she is a cousin; when, on a sudden, Mr. QUID, the father of the young gentleman you know, called on Mr. FUDGE, and, showing him some old papers he has, which I suppose are testimonials, made a claim for the whole of the property. What it all is, I don't know; and your father is anxious; beside that, the bank is doing badly; and our expenses with you and WILHE are heavy.

'We were obliged to come away from Saratoga, although WILHE was the rage, and Mr. MARVIN was *desola* when we came. Every body talked of the Count SALLE, cher, who seems to have money; although your father says he would like to see the title-deeds, which, as the Count is a gentleman, it would be absurd to expect. He has not offered himself, although WILHE says 'he has as good as done it'; so has young SPINDLE, she says, who has behaved odiously.

The PINKERTONS are dreadfully jealous, and have given a ball, not to be compared with ours, as BROWNE says; and WILHE was not invited, and is sorry she ever invited them. Mr. FUDGE says he must write you to come home, where we will all be glad to see you; and do make a figure, if only to spite the PINKERTONS. Before you come, buy us each a dress, and two flounces of mechin lace, which I hear is cheap in England; also, if you see them, two pretty fans, and a cashmere shawl for WILHE; beside, an enamelled watch, which the Count says costs mere nothing.

'I forgot to say that there is a story that Mr. QUID'S mother lived in Paris, and was named GUERLIN, which seems like the name of the Countess you spoke of. Perhaps they were relations.

'WILHE sends love, and not to forget the shawl. YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.'

'P. S. As you are getting the watch, perhaps it would be as well to buy the chain with it. Take care of your health, WASHY; and if you should see sleeves to match the flounces, WILHE would like a pair, as also your tender loving mother.'

Now it happened that our cousin WASH. found himself in the receipt of these letters upon a day on which he was under engagement with the fascinating Countess de GUERLIN, for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne; and he had but a short time left the hospitable two-per-cent. *caisse* of Monsieur GREENE, and was strolling in a brown study toward the Champs Elyseés, when he was encountered by the dashing coupé of the Countess.

A French woman is sympathetic by nature, and very much more so by education. The perplexity of WASH. did not fail to attract the observation of his companion of the drive. The Countess, with characteristic kindness, won her way to his full confidence. She lamented anew those losses of which she had been unconsciously the occasion; she spoke with emotion of his probable leave. WASHINGTON was affected, deeply. So was the Countess. She took into her own hands the cruel letters which compelled his return. She read, with unaffected surprise, the announcement in respect to her own name. Subduing her emotion, by an effort of resolution which did her honor, she pressed a hundred inquiries respecting this Mr. QUID, and the BODGERS estate, and the probable heirs, and having learned from Master WASH. all which it was in his power to communicate, her feelings again subdued her, and she threw herself back into the corner of the coupé, apparently overcome by contending emotions.

The efforts of WASHINGTON to assuage the tempest of feeling were utterly unavailing.

'*Cher FUDGE, laissez moi pleurer ;*' and the face of the Countess was buried in a cambric handkerchief.

The hint of the letter had clearly touched some sympathetic chord; there was a mysterious connection, perhaps, between himself and the family of the Countess, which puzzled our hero greatly. My curious reader cannot be more anxious to unveil that profound mystery than was WASHINGTON himself. Life, so far as I have observed, is made up of entanglements, and of hard knots, not always easy to untie; and when untied, often showing very flimsy strands.

The drive in the Bois de Boulogne was, that day, a very silent one; but WASHINGTON, before it was ended, won from the Countess a promise that she would reveal all — all. This she did; and I cannot keep my reader from it.

Chapter Twenty-seven will contain the story of the Countess de GUERLIN; and an affecting story it is.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

A FRENCH WOMAN'S STORY.

ELLA parlava sì turbata in vista,
Che treman mi fea . . .
. . . P'non son forse chi tu credi.

'CANZONE I. PETRARCH.'

'I NEVER,' said she, 'knew my father;' and the Countess hid her head in her handkerchief.

I am persuaded that she began her story in a truthful manner.

'My mother was a tall woman,' she continued, 'who wore very elegant jewelry; there is very little left;' and the Countess pointed with emotion to a brooch she wore. 'I think she must have been very rich, since I had what dresses I chose. It seems to me that she spoke in English, although I remember little about it now. Your voice, my dear WASH., seems to call back the memory of other days to me.

'We were living mostly in large cities, and I remember it was by a

great river, which I am sure must have been the Rhine. There were long tables, too, full of people, at which I sometimes sat down with my mother, when I was very small; but oftener I was left with a nurse-maid, who had the sole care of me. There were many gentlemen who talked with my mother, and she seemed very gay; and the gentlemen, who I found afterward were suitors of my mother, gave me toys, or patted me under my chin, calling me a likeness of my mother, and saying that one day perhaps I would be as pretty as she. I remember that she was fine-looking.

'At length, a Monsieur de GUERLIN married her; and then we were travelling from city to city; I was sometimes with them, but oftener left with the nurse-maid, who was beautiful herself, and who had a small home in a town by the river, and a daughter who was nearly of my age. As children, I remember that we frolicked together, rambling through the vineyards, that were scattered on the hills above the town.

'Sometimes my mother, with Monsieur de GUERLIN, came there to see me; and very often Monsieur de GUERLIN came by himself, which seemed strange enough to me, for he was never kind after the marriage, and cared more for CARA, which was the name of the nurse-maid's child, than for me.

'The nurse, too, who had been good to me before, was never so kind after my mother's marriage; and was angry if I spoke of the handsome Monsieur de GUERLIN as my father; saying that CARA deserved better to be called his child, than I. But we were too young to heed such things then, and CARA was not flattered, or I disturbed by it. I soon found that I could not have so fine dresses as before, and CARA might have been taken for the richer of the two: indeed, I remember thinking, that what my mother had sent for me might, perhaps, be given to the nurse's child.

'So we lived together, until one day the news came that my mother was very sick, and we went away to a city, where we found Monsieur de GUERLIN very much disturbed; and he had much to say very earnestly to the nurse; and the night on which we arrived, there was a commotion in the house; and they told me my mother was dead.

'I remember the funeral, and how CARA was dressed in black, as well as I; and wore a little brooch which I had seen my mother wear. And Monsieur de GUERLIN was very kind to her. A few days after, the people of the house told me that M. de GUERLIN had gone, and I found the nurse and child had gone with him. They directed me to a place in the town, where I was to stay; only strangers to me were living there, and they, I suppose, were paid to take care of me. There I grew up, but did not see, for many years after, either M. de GUERLIN, or the nurse-maid of my mother's. They had forsaken me, and borne off all that was my mother's with them, except a few jewels, which you, *cher WASH.*, have guarded.'

And the Countess betook herself, for some moments, to strong emotion.

'The money which Monsieur de GUERLIN paid for me was continued only until I grew up. At the last, he sent to me a large sum with which I was to begin the world. With the education of a lady, I could

not think of entering into service. The city in which I was staying, was not far away from Wiesbaden, and I had heard of the gaming-tables there. To Wiesbaden, then, I went; and, living humbly, and doing such needle-work as I could without being observed, I slipped evening after evening into the salon of *roulette*, and from the first, was very fortunate. I began with only pieces of silver, but grew more bold, and soon staked gold coin; sometimes, it is true, losing very much, but fortune favored me mostly. Especially, I was lucky one evening, when, after losing for several nights in succession, I determined, in a fit of despair, to risk all my fortune at *rouge et noir*.

'The rules of the table did not then limit the sums staked, so much as now; and I gathered up all my coin, and even pawned my valuable jewels, to make the amount as large as possible. I carried it tremblingly to the hall—a very heavy weight it was for me—and placed it, after a little hesitation, upon the *rouge*. My heart beat violently. I won; and seemed rich.

'The next day, I went to Baden, and established myself, with a servant, in lodgings. I frequented the fashionable drives, and sometimes ventured with success into the gaming-halls. It is not well to be without a title at the German watering-places: I was known there as the Countess de GUERLIN, though before only as simple Mademoiselle. With the wealth that I seemed to enjoy, and with fair beauty'—and the Countess lowered her voice, as if in apology—'there were many who admired me. The poor Baron SCHEMLINN was, I believe, earnest in his attentions; nothing could exceed his devotion: but he had desperate rivals. Ah! my dear FUDGE, it has been my fate to draw many into misfortune!

'The Prince GOROWSKI, a magnificent Russian, was at the same time a suitor of mine. Oh! those fearful Russians! they love as they eat, with prodigality and with fierceness! They are barbarians in all their appetites. The Prince would not yield to the Baron. I saw it, and deplored it. The Prince sought a quarrel with poor SCHEMLINN, who was but an indifferent swordsman. I foresaw the result, but could do nothing to prevent it.

'They met early at morning: the Baron sent me a lock of his hair, the dear, poor man! Yet he stood his ground manfully, and the duel lasted for an hour. At length, the force of SCHEMLINN gave way, and he fell. The Prince, with his sword at his breast, bade him renounce all claim to my hand: the poor Baron refused, and was killed with my name upon his lips.

'As you may suppose, *cher WASH.*, I was *desolé*. GOROWSKI was cruel in his triumph, and claimed my hand as his reward. How could I yield myself to his blood-stained arms! He persecuted me by his demands: there seemed no safety but in flight. Upon this, then, I was resolved; but the Prince watched jealously all my motions; I could not escape him. As a last resource, I determined to appeal to my neighbor in lodgings. This was a middle-aged man, of resolute aspect—none other, in short, my dear FUDGE, than that Colonel DUPRE whom you already have such unfortunate occasion to know. He saved me, indeed, from the Russian persecution; but I found myself consigned

by the force of circumstances — constrained to marry the man of whom I had only sought temporary aid.

‘Why need I tell you more?’ said the Countess; but continued presently: ‘CARA I saw once again, under the name of Mademoiselle de GUERLIN, which she had assumed, by what right I know not. She had married a stranger; perhaps, my dear FUDGE, the gentleman through whom the claim is now made upon the American estate.

‘Monsieur de GUERLIN I never saw again; but the wretched man had traced me out, and upon his death-bed left me the little fortune which he had received from his wife, my poor mother; and with it a packet of letters, which, I am sure, my dear FUDGE, will satisfy you of the truth of my story, and convince you, as they have done me, that my mother must have been the widowed sister of the old gentleman whose estate is in dispute. Yet, how little did I think, when first addressing one clandestinely, in a tempest of admiration that I was not able to subdue, that, in reality, I was drawn toward him by ties of kindred; and that in him alone I should find a truly generous protector, through whom, at length, my rights should be made good, and my poor mother’s name cleared from all reproach.’

The Countess was painfully subdued; so was WASHINGTON.

The packet of letters to which reference had been made, was produced. They were certainly suspicious in their contents, and would have satisfied, perhaps, a less ingenuous and open disposition than that of my cousin WASH. Many of them were signed CLARA BODGERS; others, still, CLARA de GUERLIN; and others again, in a strong hand, bore the signature of S. BODGERS. They were letters, generally of affection: the Countess was melted to tears as she suffered her eyes to run over them.

As a man of honor, there was but one course open to WASHINGTON. At the same time, as the Countess intimated, there was need for extreme caution. First of all, the Colonel DUPRE must by no means be advised. There was not reciprocity of feeling, at least of affection, between the two. Young FUDGE had perhaps observed this. For private ends of his own, the Colonel had insisted that the Countess should retain her original name. Under connections of that kind, the circumstance was not unusual.

Most of all, the Countess rejoiced in the opportunity which now seemed dawning upon her, of being able to repay the generous services of her friend WASHY. She should be delighted, indeed, to give token of her indebtedness to the whole FUDGE connection; and voluntarily bound herself, by a solemn promise, to relinquish to the dear friends of the FUDGE family a full third of the estates which she inherited from her mother.

I should do injustice to the tender sensibilities and innocent heart of my cousin WASH., if I omitted to say that he was altogether captivated by the united grace and generosity of the Countess de GUERLIN.

It was arranged that WASHINGTON should not leave the city alone. The presence of the Countess would doubtless be necessary, in the prosecution of the legal claims. With generous confidence, he volunteered his escort. He wrote to his friends at home of the triumphant disco-

very which had been made, and expressing confidence, 'that if the estate was to pass out of their hands, as seemed probable, they could not wish a better disposition, than that in favor of the Countess.'

'He felt sure, moreover, that his father would freely pardon a somewhat larger draft than he had anticipated, in view of the rather straitened circumstances of the Countess, and the obligations which duty enjoined.'

The preparations for departure were made with secrecy and dispatch. On a certain evening in the month of ———, our friend WASH. set off from Paris, for his return. He was polished by the gay capital; taught in the little arts of the world; scarce to be recognized by his old friends.

The fond Countess was with him: herself his gratuitous instructor in very much of that *savoir faire*, which was presently to kindle the affections of his doting mother into transports.

He felt, doubtless, an honest pride in these accomplishments, and formed pleasant fancies of the surprise he should excite, and of the astonishment he was sure to kindle. I am inclined to think that, like most young New-Yorkers on their return from Paris, he had formed an exaggerated estimate of the sensation he was about to produce. The town, taken as a mass, does not, I observe, feel the shock of such a young gentleman's return. I cannot ascertain that it creates any decided movement at the 'Board,' or that it influences Mr. GENIO SCOTT's report of the fashions. These travellers err, in imagining that their air and education is to form a striking contrast with what they will find around them. They discover, however, in the majority of instances, that the tailors and hair-dressers have been before them, and have already diffused among the young natives of New-York a Parisian aspect and an elegant air. I should say that the young gentlemen of the New-York Club, of the short canes, of the new polkas, and of affluence generally, were as much indebted to a study of the opera-artistes, and the foreign managers of domestic drapers, as to any principles they imbibe from returned travellers. And it would not be at all surprising, if our cousin WASH., upon his very first *entrée* in New-York society, should be mortified by a sight of higher shirt-collars, more bushy mustache, and smaller pantaloons, than he brings with him, in the company of a Countess.

By a hint from the GUERLIN, and as a measure of precaution, WASH. accompanies his friend under a common passport, in which they are designated as man and wife. It is but a simple bit of illusion, lasting only as far as their port of embarkation.

They reach Havre a day before the sailing of the vessel which is to bear them to that free land, where the Countess shall receive her own, and the elegant WASH. enter upon his brilliant career.

In beguiling thought of what this may be, our hero whiles away the evening with his graceful companion; interrupted, however, once, by a slight tap at the door.

It is the maid, perhaps.

'Entrez!' says WASH.

There is a tap again.

'Entrez!' repeats WASH.

It is not the maid: but the Colonel DUPRE!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston, Mass. By his Father. In one volume: pp. 528. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THERE are certain delicate matters referring to the personal and ecclesiastical relations of the subject of this volume inwrought into its most absorbing part, which, however interesting, we are compelled to leave untouched, because we will not be so bold as to state our conviction of their merits, and they fall without the province of this Magazine. With controversies of this kind we do not interfere, but leave them to organs which are professedly devoted to their adjustment. The right will triumph in the end.

Independently of this, however, there is more than enough in this ample volume to suit the purposes of our review. If there is any truth in physiognomy, the sweet and placid and intellectual presentment which fronts the title-page is proof enough that his life is worthy to be written, and that his path was that of the just, which 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' But how is the order of things reversed in the work before us! In the course of nature it should fall to the son to do justice to the memory of his sire, and to smooth his white locks reverently for the grave. But this is the testimonial of a father to his 'dear departed son,' smitten down in the flush of life, in the hey-day of his manly labors, and in the very midst of usefulness. It is a monument inscribed with filial virtues, but sprinkled with paternal tears. 'At the age of three score and ten,' says the author, 'the parent, admonished by a severe visitation of sickness, devoted as much time as his duties would permit to the arrangement and preparation of his own manuscripts for the final inspection and revision of his son. But alas! how were his fond anticipations defeated! That son, on whom he thus relied, by a mysterious PROVIDENCE, was suddenly stricken down in the midst of his days and his usefulness, and numbered with the dead. And now, with trembling hand and aching heart, the parent, relying on the mercy and help of God, undertakes to gather up the materials and prepare a record of his life.'

And beautiful are the marks traced by this 'recording-angel,' although they *are* written with a trembling hand!

WILLIAM CROSWELL was born in Hudson, New-York, November seven, 1804. His boyhood was passed in New-Haven under the eye of his father, the Rev. HARRY CROSWELL, Rector of Trinity Church in that city. At the age of fourteen, he was admitted to the Freshman-class of Yale College, where he was graduated in 1822. In 1825, he devoted some time to the study of law, but he never thought seriously of pursuing it as a profession. He cherished his passion for poetry; and it is supposed that some of the most interesting and popular juvenile productions of his pen were written at this period. Soon after, having taken due counsel, he became fixed in his purpose, and turning away from all other pursuits, resolved to devote himself to a calling, for which he was in all respects peculiarly fitted, and entered the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church at the opening of the term in the autumn of 1826. His letters at this time display the usual pleasantry of his disposition. 'If Professor MOORE,' he writes, 'were not one of the most mild and unassuming men of learning in the world, he could never tolerate the stammering and blundering of such full-grown novitiates in the Hebrew horn-book. But he is *Clement* by nature as well as by name. It is related of HUTCHINS that he once indulged his disposition for pleasantry by playfully translating a passage of Scripture, 'I love CLEMENT C. MOORE (*clemency more*) than sacrifice.'

He was ordained deacon by the Right Rev. Bishop BROWNELL, of Connecticut, in 1828. In the few years preceding, he had written much of his sweetest poetry. On Sunday, May thirty-first, 1829, we find this record in his diary: 'Entered into the service of my first parish, Christ Church, Boston.'

From this time he proceeded with manifold labors, often preaching, notwithstanding his father's admonitions, three sermons beside performing many other services during the day. As early as the twenty-sixth of July, he writes, in his playful manner: 'I have inflicted three discourses on the patient people of this good city on this blessed day.'

In 1840, with many expressions of regret on the part of his parishioners, and parting testimonials, he left Boston to assume the Rectorship of St. PETER's Church at Auburn, and in 1844, returned to Boston, where he remained Rector of the Church of the Advent until his death, which occurred on November ninth, 1851.

Such is the meagre outline which we have been able to make of the principal facts contained in this most interesting memoir, preferring to leave the materials untouched, except so far as they are necessary to substantiate a correct opinion of the man's character. To this end, we shall quote some passages from the work at large.

It is the record of an affectionate, true heart, overbrimming with human kindness, and expanded by the largest charity; of a nature pure, meek, modest, and unoffending; of a zealous and most devoted servant of his MASTER; in short, of a Christian, a scholar, a gentleman, a MAN. Such do not die; for, although no one write their epitaphs, the good seed they have planted springs up and blossoms with perennial beauty, and grateful tendrils twine about their very names.

It is impossible to peruse the early letters of the gifted CROSWELL without being struck by their freshness and almost pastoral innocence of expression.

They deserve to have been written on the most unblemished paper. They are full of hope, full of a sweet-breathing cheerfulness, full of enthusiasm for the pure and lofty aims toward which his powers were directed. Such resolution and sincerity of purpose are often accompanied by a corresponding harshness and repulsive corrugation of the moral features. But the plastic influence of the beautiful theology which left upon him its perfect impress, had not moulded him in such a shape, and it is the best proof that his system was true. There was nothing stern about him but his sense of duty. His spirit was as mild as moon-beams on the troubled earth. Common men were pleased to come out of their poor huts and walk forth into the soft effulgence of his influence, and gaze up at him. Where you see a stiff-throated, and deep-creased, and sharp-nosed rigor which is called Religion, there you may be sure that the blood of the Pharisee rolls and curdles underneath. All men properly constituted loathe the very sight of it. All children in their early innocence turn away from it with an instinctive disgust. CHRIST himself, who considered little children as the very type of heavenly innocence, thundered forth against it his unparalleled anathema.

The religion of CROSWELL took its path through the courtesies and amenities of life, and was not separated from them. It is delightful to see one in whom traits which are often considered inconsistent are so sweetly and intimately blended. He was a hard-working and most laborious and energetic servant of his God, but he possessed the most assuaging and engaging looks and manners in daily intercourse with high and low, rich and poor, ignorant and learned.

But the following extracts from his private diary will serve to show forth the lovely temper of the man:

'Monday, January Twenty-fifth, 1830. The year has been full of incident, and marked with the most solemn transactions of my whole life. I would put down nothing for effect, or in a spirit of vain-glory; but I desire to record my testimony that this holy calling, if diligently and faithfully undertaken and devotedly followed, is the path of life, which, for our own happiness, we should choose and covet; and contains all the elements of the purest and highest enjoyment which the corruption and infirmity of our nature admit. I have always refrained, on principle, from making a display of my private religious feelings on paper, lest I should thereby be tempted to give way to the movings of spiritual pride and self-righteousness; and I dare not trust myself to speak of the satisfaction and delight which he cannot but feel whose duty and whose glory it is to preach CHRIST crucified, and who would direct every thought, wish, and desire to the work of subduing evil and saving souls. I have been deliberately reviewing the principles laid down in my first discourse on this subject; and although, alas! no man living can be justified by that standard, I am confirmed by my short experience in the opinion that the views which I then took are those only which are authorized by the Scriptures of truth.'

Of the death of Bishop HOBART, he remarks:

'It has thrown a gloom over our minds with which I had thought nothing but the sundering of some dear domestic tie would have overwhelmed me. Although letter after letter from New-York had been gradually extinguishing our hopes, the fatal announcement burst upon us, after all, like a thunderbolt, and I sat down and wept like a child.'

In a piece of pleasantry addressed to his mother, February thirteenth, on the subject of an eclipse, he says:

'It being a pleasant day yesterday, it was distinctly understood that the eclipse was not to be postponed. Accordingly, smoked glass was the circulating medium all the morning; and the glaziers sold more broken panes than they ever mended. Even

Master BURKE, who is supposed to be the most wonderful creature now living, seemed to excite less attention. We were disappointed in the spectacle. After so long a note of preparation and attempt at effect, it was quite a failure. We wanted it to be darker. I had intended to '*improve*' the phenomenon in a sermon to-day, but concluded that my congregation would think me at a great loss for edifying subjects if I made so much of this disastrous twilight.'

Here are some specimens of his graceful verse :

'TO

'LADY! to whom belong
The will and power to roll
The tide of music and of song
That overflow the soul;
The stream has passed away,
But left a glittering store,
Deposited in rich array
On Memory's silent shore :

'A strand of precious things,
Where in confusion lie
The wrecks of high imaginings,
And thoughts that cannot die.
Oh! for that voice alone,
Whose full, refreshing flow
Could on the troubled soul its own
Serenity bestow.

'Why should those streams be mute
Which brighten as they roll,
Nor in their liquid lapse pollute,
But beautify the soul?
Oh! tranquillize, refine
The heart, till it shall be
As in its primal day, divine
And full of DEITY.'

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

'PET lilies of your kind,
Effeminate and pale,
That shiver in the autumn-wind
Like reeds before the gale;
Ye have not toiled or spun
As sister lilies might;
Nor are ye wise as SOLOMON,
Though sumptuous to the sight.

'O fair and well-arrayed!
And are ye they to whom
The world is under tribute laid
For finery and perfume?
And have ye no delight —
Naught else that may avail
To weather that eternal night
When these expedients fail?'

Those who have visited that famous summer-resort, Nahant, will be struck with the fidelity of this little unpremeditated pen-and-ink sketch :

N A H A N T .]

'Rocks, sands, and seas,
What charms hast thou but these,
O desolate Nahant!
Rocks, sands, and seas,
Twelve grotesque cottages
And six storm-beaten trees,
Struck all a-slant!'

But it is principally as a sacred poet that his name will become endeared and lasting. Many of his compositions in this kind are alike exquisite in sentiment and melodious in their versification; and had his sterner duties, from which he permitted his attention to be drawn by nothing subordinate, given him time to indulge his taste, he no doubt would have left behind him

many lyrical effusions which would have caused him to be placed in the highest rank. But so great was the modesty of his nature, that of his sermons he has forbidden any to be published; and his poems shed forth their sweetness, as it were, by stealth. Like unpretending flowers which bloom to blush, they almost blush to bloom. Bishop DOANE, who is peculiarly qualified to judge, classed him as a kindred spirit with KEBLE; and the Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, who is also so greatly distinguished, both at home and abroad, for his sacred lays, thus speaks of him in that touching and beautiful discourse delivered on the occasion of his burial:

‘THE refinement and delicacy of his nature are proverbial; but not every one imagines how rich were his mental endowments, how brilliant his fancy, and how inventive his genius. . . . As a sacred poet, his name is dear to the Church, and will always be affectionately cherished; his verse was faultless, his conceptions extremely felicitous and epigrammatic, and all his productions were warm with devout and heavenly aspirations.’

Of these sacred compositions we shall transfer only two, not, indeed, because they are the best, but because we have not time so to compare the merits of all as to make the best selection:

GREECE.

‘UPON thy sacred mountain-tops,
How beautiful, O Greece,
The feet of him that publisheth
Through all thy borders peace!
Like PAUL, his spirit to release
Of those high claims he seeks,
Which bankrupt all the love we owe
As ‘debtors to the Greeks.’

‘A piercing cry from Macedon
Rings o’er the ocean still,
A cry from Athens and the shrine
Upon its idol-hill.
A cry from Corinth and the isles,
Of loud entreaty speaks:
‘Up! Christians, to your great discharge
As ‘debtors to the Greeks.’

CHRISTMAS.

‘THE thickly-woven boughs they wreathe
Through every hallowed fane,
The soft, reviving odors breathe
Of Summer’s gentle reign;
And rich the ray of mild green light
Which, like an emerald’s glow,
Comes struggling through the latticed height
Upon the crowds below.

‘Oh! let the streams of solemn thought,
Which in those temples rise,
From deeper sources spring than aught
Dependent on the skies.
Then, though the Summer’s glow departs,
And Winter’s withering chill
Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts
Shall be unchanging still.’

Within the limits allowed to us we cannot dwell on this biography so long as we would. When CROSWELL died, a beautiful and serene light was quenched, and a most solemn gloom descended on the Church. Even those who differed from him certainly could not help loving him as a brother, and will no doubt acquiesce in this tribute to his manly piety and genuine Christian virtues.

We shall but allude to the manner of his death, which was marked by coincidences so striking that it seems like the *dénouement* of a high-wrought

fiction. It was attended by startling suddenness, and circumstances of tender pathos.

On a Friday, he said to a friend whom he met, 'I must go home and finish my last sermon.' This remark arrested the attention of the other, who, in his peculiarly earnest and affectionate manner, laid his hand familiarly upon his shoulder and said, 'You do not mean, my brother, your *last* sermon, but your last for this week.' To this remark he made no reply, and they parted never more to meet again on earth. His observation had reference to the inexpediency of writing too many sermons, of which he already had a large store. Prophets do not speak from their own fore-knowledge.

Like many earnest men, he kept a journal, and on Saturday he made his last entry therein. He relates his ineffectual search after a poor woman who had applied at his residence for charity, but who had not correctly given the place of her abode. He retired early, with the most pleasant anticipations of the coming day. On that day, he rose with the sun, in apparently the most perfect health, and full of cheerfulness. He bore his part in the services of the Church which he loved so much, and at the conclusion he said, 'I propose to preach to the children this afternoon, on a part of the first lesson for the morning.'

The children met together at the appointed hour, and it was indeed a touching sight to see them gaze up so tenderly on him who was to address them for the last time. Entering the chancel in his white robes, his face beamed with an unusual serenity. He had anticipated more than ordinary pleasure from meeting them on this occasion :

'His sermon to the children,' says his biographer, from whom we now quote, 'was written in a style of beautiful simplicity, perfectly plain and adapted to the capacity of his juvenile hearers, yet full of the most sublime and elevated thoughts. As he proceeded, he betrayed some signs of faltering in his speech. The children were much affected as they saw, or thought they saw, tears stealing from his eyes. His voice, which was ever gentle and soft, could scarce shape itself into a tone of reproof, but it would filter into music meanwhile, assumed, as from some sentimental emotion, those tones of tender pathos which rendered his speech no less fit than if it had been specially meant for a valedictory to the little ones of his flock. After proceeding through about two-thirds of his manuscript, he closed his discourse abruptly, with a few remarks and the customary ascription. He then pronounced distinctly from memory the first stanza of the hymn previously appointed to be sung by the choir :

"SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.'

But in giving the number of the hymn, which is the *eighty-eighth* in the collection, he named, by a most striking and extraordinary inadvertence, the *one hundred and eighty-eighth*, in which these lines occur :

"DETERMINED are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.'

The choir, however, governed by his original directions, sung the hymn appointed, during which he stood, as usual, facing the altar. At the conclusion, he knelt down at the chancel-rail, and said from memory, his book having fallen from his hand, the collect. Then his strength entirely failed him. Instead of rising and turning to the congregation to pronounce the concluding benediction, he remained on his knees, and said, with a faltering voice, the apostolic blessing. The congregation immediately took the alarm, and his friends rushed forward to his assistance. He was borne down through the church to the vestry-room, and from thence in a carriage to his residence. Being apprised by his physicians of the dangerous nature of his attack, he composed himself

quietly on his couch, and closed his eyes as if in a calm sleep. His old and long-trying friend and father in the Gospel, the Rev. Dr. Eaton, was soon at his side, and finding him unable to speak, if not unconscious, knelt down, and taking him by the hand, offered the commendatory prayer of the Church:

“O ALMIGHTY GOD, with whom do live the spirits of just men made perfect, after they are delivered from their earthly prisons, we humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear brother, into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful CREATOR and most merciful SAVIOUR; most humbly beseeching THEE that it may be precious in Thy sight. Wash it, we pray THEE, in the blood of that immaculate LAMB that was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and haughty world, through the lusts of the flesh or the wiles of SATAN, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before THEE. And teach us who survive, in this and other like daily spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our condition is, and so to number our days that we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting, through the merits of JESUS CHRIST, THINE only SON, our LORD. Amen.”

‘As the word *amen* was pronounced by the venerable priest, the last breath was perceived to pass, gently, quietly, and without a struggle, from the lips of the dying soldier of the cross, and he was at rest in the bosom of his SAVIOUR.’

With this narrative we conclude our notice of this interesting memoir. And now the thought occurs, while we are inditing this too scanty tribute, that had the quaint old WALTON numbered him among his friends, or held the ample details which we have in hand, he would have garnished still another page or two with tender portraiture, and, in the affection of his nature, added yet another memory to his series of good men's lives. But as luminous sparks, although lighted at a distance from each other, are soon enkindled in one glowing flame, so kindred spirits, although more widely parted, come together in a bright companionship, as if twin-born. A little interval amounts to nothing in an endless distance: the morning stars which sang together at the first creation soon overtake, with their impalpable notes, the heavenly chorus hymned upon the plains of Bethlehem, and blend their music with the Church's anthems in one grand and swelling harmony for ever and for aye.

THE CRUISE OF THE STEAM-YACHT NORTH-STAR: A Narrative of the Excursion of Mr. VANDERBILT'S Party, etc. By the Rev. JOHN OVERTON CHOULES, D.D. In One Volume: pp. 353. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN. New-York: EVANS AND DICKERSON.

OUR readers will remember, that at the time of the departure of the ‘NORTH-STAR,’ there appeared in this Magazine an elaborate description of the noble vessel, accompanied by an engraving, and preceded by an authentic detailed sketch of the life and character of her ‘Commodore,’ CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Esq. The yacht set forth, and after a rapid run across the Atlantic, her party visited successively England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Madeira, etc. We marvel that our friend the author has been able to condense into one volume so clear a synopsis of the general characteristics of the thousand and one cities, and their wonders, which the party visited in their four months’ pleasure-trip; a ‘trip’ of some fifteen thousand miles in extent, and one which was never before attempted by the private enterprise of any one person in the world. How the party were received at Southampton, England, where they first landed; how they were entertained by the authorities, and how they fêted the hospitable citizens in return; in short, how they were welcomed and honored, wherever they went; the great personages whom they met, and the wonders they saw:

all these things have already partly transpired in the journals, and are very graphically set forth in the pages before us. The interest felt in relation to Russia just at this time, impels us to select, for the only extract we have space to give, a passage from the description of Saint Petersburg, and the former residence of its immortal founder :

‘Our earliest visit in the city was made to the original cottage-residence of its founder. This is a spot I had longed to see. I wanted to sit down in a room where a man had dwelt, and thought, and acted, who had done so much to leave his mark upon the age in which he lived. It is a very small affair, and contains but three apartments. The farthest one was his bed-room, the next his chapel, and one off to the right was his room for company. We saw many articles that belonged to the great man, kept under glass cases; and pictures, maps, plans, and charts, are on the walls, as when he resided here. One map of the city is of his own draft. The chapel is occupied by a priest, and daily service is observed; it was going on when we visited it, and the audience consisted of some six or eight woful-looking devotees, all upon their knees, or with their foreheads on the ground. Beads and trinkets were offered for sale to us, and all round the door we were beset with monks and nuns from the country, as we were told, begging for their conventual institutions; and a sad, dirty-looking set they were. The entire building, which was originally a log-cottage, has been surrounded with a plank covering, by the order of the late Emperor ALEXANDER. Here, too, we saw a large boat which PETER constructed, I suppose, after his initiation into boat and ship-building in Holland. Not far from this spot we saw the first church which was erected in St. Petersburg.

‘The city is principally situated on the south bank of the Neva, and comprehends several islands; and, as much of it was originally a mere marsh, it has had to undergo a thorough drainage, which has rendered large canals indispensable. These are constructed of the most massive materials, and have a fine appearance. The date of the city is from 1703; and in one century and a half, all this magnificent metropolis has been called into existence by a people supposed to be semi-barbarous; and yet it transcends, in many respects, every other capital of Europe. I quite agree with the lamented STEPHENS, who stated in his travels, ‘I do not believe that Rome, when ADRIAN reared the mighty Coliseum, and the Palace of the CÆSARS covered the Capitoline Hill, exhibited such a range of noble structures as now exists in the Admiralty Quarter.’ The admiralty itself is the central point, on one side fronting the Neva, and on the other a large open square, and has a façade of marble, with ranges of columns a quarter of a mile in length. A beautiful golden spire shoots up from the centre, towering above every other object, and seen from every part of the city, glittering in the sun; and three principal streets, each two miles in length, radiate from this point. In front, is a range of Boulevards, ornamented with trees, and an open square, at one extremity of which stands the great church of St. ISAAC. This square extends to a great distance, and on it are the Winter-Palace, Hermitage, and other splendid erections.

‘The great street of the city — the Broadway — is the NEFFSKY Perspective, named after ALEXANDER NEFFSKY, the patron-saint of St. Petersburg. I think this and the other two streets, radiating from the admiralty, are two hundred feet wide. The channel-gutter is in the middle of the street, and on each side of it are wooden pavements broad enough to allow two carriages or wagons to cross each other. The pavements are wide and well-made. Many of the shops and stores on this Perspective are fine, and have very much the appearance of similar establishments in New-York, London, or Paris.

‘I know not how it is, but I never before felt so solitary in a large city. There are few persons in the streets, and certainly seven out of ten we meet are serfs; and all the drosky-drivers are wrapped up in long, blue, coarse cloth coats down to their heels, and the waist tied with a red scarf, leather thong, or rope. The hat is a queer-looking affair, very low-crowned, and bell-shaped. I have never seen so many lifeless, inanimate faces as in Russia. The countenance is sallow, eyes sunken, and beards are mostly yellow. In these great streets, and over the vast admiralty-square, amid the palaces and vast buildings, I rambled by moonlight, and was never weary while watching the queen of heaven climbing over dome, minaret, and façade. It was then that I realized the magnitude of this strange city, and felt that it had *now* an air of antiquity and grandeur that no other city I have seen can boast.’

The volumes are embellished with several good engravings of the picturesque cities and places visited, including a portrait of the distinguished ‘Commodore,’ and of Captain ELDRIDGE, who commanded the yacht. The paper and printing are excellent.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL: with an Original Biography and Notes. Edited by EPES SARGENT. In one volume: pp. 479. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY.

WE make very short work in our estimate of a man's poetical taste. We ask him if he like not the writings of ROBERT BURNS and THOMAS CAMPBELL; and if he answers us nay, or is indifferent even, in his praise—nay, if he be not somewhat enthusiastic in his admiration of these matchless poets—he is immediately at an intellectual discount with us, and we wouldn't touch his 'paper' in our literary bank. The merits of the present volume are marked; for it possesses several advantages over any previous edition that we have seen. It contains a very full memoir, compiled from the life and letters of the poet, edited by Dr. BEATTIE, long his most intimate friend, and his literary executor; and from the reminiscences of Mr. CYRUS REDDING, who was for some ten years associated with CAMPBELL in editing the 'New Monthly Magazine.' The poems are given from the text, and according to the arrangement approved by the author. To these are now added fifty poems, some of which are hardly surpassed by the best of his acknowledged lyrics. We give the following, not because it will be new to many of our readers, but simply because we would not have the volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER bound up and preserved for other times, without containing a poem so sublime in its conception, and so grand in its execution, as '*The Last Man*.'

'ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As ADAM saw her prime!

'The Sun's eye had a sickly glare;
The Earth with age was wan:
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some;
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

'Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying, 'We are twins in death, proud Sun!
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'T is Mercy bids thee go;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

'What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will?
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,

Thou dim, dis-crownéd king of day!
For, all those trophied arts
And triumphs, that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

'Go! let Oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men;
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again:
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

'Even I am weary, in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Tost of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death,
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

'This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine;
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led Captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,
And took the sting from Death!

‘Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature’s awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste —
Go! tell the night that hides thy face,

Thou saw’st the last of ADAM’s race,
On Earth’s sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!’

A finely-engraved head and a full-length pen-and-ink sketch of the poet embellish the volume, which is exceedingly well-printed, upon good paper, with a large, clear type.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR. By the Right Hon. RICHARD LALOR SHEIL, M.P. With Memoirs and Notes by R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D.C.L. In two volumes: pp. 754. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

This is certainly a most entertaining and instructive work; and we are, not at all surprised to hear of its extensive popularity. The sketches themselves, by the great Irish orator, appeared in the London *‘New Monthly Magazine,’* between 1822 and 1832, but have never until now been collected. Some time before his death, Mr. SHEIL had arranged that his friend, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, (now of the *‘New-York Sunday Times,’* and an old contributor to the KNICKERBOCKER,) should collect and edit these admirable papers. Dr. MACKENZIE has performed his task with great ability and good taste, and has fully demonstrated the correct judgment of his distinguished friend. His own notes, which are numerous and comprehensive, are among the most agreeable contents of the volumes; forming a rich fund of information, illustrative anecdote, and true Irish humor. We remember referring to, and quoting from, several of the sketches, at the time of their first appearance: commending them, therefore, to a renewed perusal, as furnishing a great variety of extremely pleasant reading, we proceed to select a few only of the ‘good things’ to be found in the ‘notes’ of the editor; commencing with an anecdote of Lord NORBURY, a Judge who used to pun even when sentencing a man to death. The following is given as among those stories of him which are not in general currency:

‘Lord NORBURY was in Tipperary, taking what he used to call his health-ride. One of the county gentlemen, a Mr. PEPPER, joined him, but this deponent saith not whether he was mounted on ‘The White Horse of the PEPPERS.’ His steed, however, was handsome and spirited, and NORBURY (who was an excellent judge—of horseflesh) paid him some compliments on the animal. ‘Has plenty of life, eh?’ Mr. PEPPER answered, ‘So much, that he threw me over his head, the other day.’ ‘Named him yet?’ Mr. PEPPER said that he had not. ‘Why, then,’ said the joker, ‘considering who you are, and how he has served you, suppose you call him *Pepper-caster!*’

‘Going to a levee at Dublin Castle, with another of the judges, they slipped when ascending the stairs. ‘Oh! my Lord,’ said NORBURY, as he rubbed the broadest part of his person, which had been *barked* by the fall, ‘you and I have tried many cases in our time, but the *hardest case of all is this stair-case.*’

‘In 1816, when Prince LEOPOLD, who was only a *Serene Highness* (as only the son of a king can be addressed as Royal) was about marrying the Princess CHARLOTTE of Wales, he was complimented by her father, then Prince Regent of England, with the title of ‘Royal Highness.’ This was spoken of before Lord NORBURY, who remarked that ‘Marriage was the true way of making a man lose his *serenity.*’

‘A QUAKER, named NOTT, opened a large shop, exactly opposite that of KINAHAN, a well-known Dublin grocer, advertised his tea as cheaper and better than any in Ireland, and declared that he would not vend any sugar, as it yielded no profit. The novelty of the concern, and the excellence and low price of NOTT’s tea and coffee, drew many customers to him, and diminished the sales of KINAHAN, his *vis-a-vis* neighbor. Lord

NORRURY went to the Quaker's, bought fourteen pounds of tea, (on which the profit was large,) and crossed over to KINAHAN's, where he asked for a supply of sugar, on which the profits are or were nominal. While KINAHAN was having the sugar weighed, NORR's porter entered the shop with the large parcel of tea for Lord NORRURY. 'Leave it there, on the counter,' said my Lord. Then, turning to KINAHAN, who was dismayed at seeing one of his oldest and best customers a purchaser at his rival's, NORRURY said: 'I suppose, Mr. KINAHAN, that *you* sell a great deal of sugar — by NORR *selling* tea.'

In the merely incidental sketch of 'MICHAEL O'LOGHLIN,' among the most amusing of the 'fillings-in' which assist to make up the collection before us, we find the following. It demonstrates, as we conceive, that the editor of the volumes under notice is himself 'up to the mark' of the distinguished wits whose characteristics his friend and 'subject' sets forth:

'THE individual known as 'BUMBO' GREEN, was well known in the Irish law-courts, some five-and-twenty years ago. I saw him once; and to see was to remember. He was an attorney in good practice; hailing, I believe, from the west of Ireland. He knew the private affairs of three-fourths of the estated gentlemen in the counties of Galway and Clare, and no law-suit of any importance was entered into, in that part of the world, without Mr. GREEN being employed, on one side or the other. He was a 'noticeable man' (to use COLERIDGE's phrase) — but chiefly on account of his immense size. The great DANIEL LAMBERT died before my time, so that I cannot personally compare him with BUMBO GREEN; I suspect that in corporeal extent there could not have been much difference. Mr. GREEN was the biggest man I ever saw. He was tall, but, from his obesity, appeared below the ordinary stature. He had a smiling, winning manner, and was liked, for his good temper and fun, by every one. To see him attempt to sit down on the attorney's narrow bench was ludicrous in the extreme. What is called 'the small of the back' he was not possessor of; and therefore, to rest upon a narrow seat was as hopeless a task for him, as it would have been for a cherub, but from quite a different cause, 'BUMBO GREEN having a redundancy of what cherubs are so deficient in, that it is evident they never can *sit* for their portraits! BUMBO GREEN flourished in the ante-railway era, and, on a journey, had to occupy and pay for two seats in the stage-coach. On one occasion, he ordered his servant to take two seats for him in the mail-coach from Ennis to Dublin. The man executed the command, but, being rather a green hand, only a few days in GREEN's employment, committed a trifling mistake. When BUMBO GREEN went to the coach-office, he found all the inside seats occupied, except one. His servant, not knowing his habit, had taken the seats — one outside, and the other within! BUMBO GREEN, like nearly all very stout men whom I have ever known, was fond of dancing, and danced lightly, too. He had a great many good qualities, and the perpetual sun-shine of good-temper beamed brightly over them all.'

We have some fears that our legal friends may object to the following. It exposes a system of 'sharp practice,' that it may be only fair to suppose they would rather should be considered as 'more honored in the breach than in the observance;' in other words, it is the anecdote of a legal gentleman who was accused of the grave offence of having taken a 'half-fee' for professional services rendered. In defence, he said:

'It is quite true that I took half a guinea, where the fee should have been a guinea, and that it was made up of a crown-piece, four shillings, two sixpences, and sixpence in copper.' There was a great sensation on this confession of the charge. But he went on: 'But, gentlemen, before I took the money, I ascertained it was the last farthing the poor devil had, and I appeal to the honorable profession, whether, under such circumstances, taking his last penny from him, I was not quite justified, and have maintained the character of the bar?' It was unanimously agreed that he had done all that a lawyer could do, in such a case, and, honorably acquitting COCKLE, the bar-mess inflicted the fine of a basket of claret upon his accuser — the grand rule at all mess-trials being that somebody must be mulcted in the generous juice of the grape!

We have said and quoted just sufficient to *indicate* the character of the volumes before us. They contain a portrait of SHEIL, and a fac-simile of one of his letters to his friend the editor.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'UNCLE REUBEN' AGAIN. — Our eastern correspondent has favored us with another sketch of the 'sayings and doings' of that old wag, 'Uncle REUBEN.' It will be remembered that toward the close of his last communication he made allusion to a certain 'Trade-Sale Company,' a remarkable association, with a kind of military organization. Our friend proceeds to describe it, and its operations, as follows:

'NONE were ever admitted as members unless they had been the subject of at least *one* of Uncle REUBEN's practical jokes; and no man could hold an office, whether Captain or Corporal, unless he had been victimized more than once; and the subject of the greatest number was elected Captain.

'After Uncle REUBEN's death, members were elected who had made themselves ridiculous in any manner, or were comically unfortunate. But in Uncle REUBEN's life-time its original lustre had not dimmed. It was surrounded with a kind of halo that people of the present day are not permitted to behold. I now have in my mind one of its original Captains. He is full three-score years and ten, but when you address him as 'Captain,' his eyes kindle, and he seems in ecstasies.

'JAMES WYTHE was elected after this wise: He was an illiterate man, being scarcely able to read at all. He had a fine address, and on a certain occasion was chosen moderator of a town-meeting. Now JAMES, being unable to read, very foolishly attempted, at the suggestion of Uncle REUBEN, to read the warrant for the meeting. He borrowed half a dozen pair of spectacles, but through none of them could he 'see to read.' He held the warrant near his nose, and then at arm's length; now this side and then that, until the people were chuckling all over the house. At last, a wag, in a remote corner, (and it is said it was JAMES's own brother,) called out:

'JEMES, *you* can't read that warrant — you can't read writin'!

'Mr. WYTHE, not disheartened, tried another pair of spectacles, when his brother shouted out again:

'I tell you, JEMES, it's no kind o' use; you can't read writin'.

'Mr. WYTHE ordered the Constable to eject the disturber from the house. Whereupon the wag exclaimed:

'JEMES, *you can* put me out, but you *can't* read the writin'!

'The warrant was thereupon read by the Clerk, and that night Mr. WYTHE was elected a member of the 'Trade-Sale Company.

'Not after this fashion was Mr. PLATT elected, in the palmy days of the Company. He was the owner of a large barn in the west part of the village, while he lived in the extreme east. The barn was to be moved home; and a 'moving' was equal to a 'raising.' The 'Santa-Cruz' and the 'New-England' having been provided, the invited company assembled, and the barn not being able to be moved on account of the narrowness of the roads, without being taken apart, apart it was taken, loaded on wheels, and carried to the village-green, just as

'EVENING let her curtain down,
And pinned it with a star.'

The company here appointed a committee to inquire into the condition of the 'Santa-Cruz;' and they having reported that it would hold out until another day, they voted to adjourn until the next afternoon, when the barn should be carried to its destination and set up.

'To this 'moving' Uncle REUBEN was not invited. Every body said, 'Mr. PLATT will get his pay for *that*.' 'How could he dare?' etc. All Uncle's friends were vexed, but Uncle was not; for as I said before, he was a kind-hearted man. His blue eyes were as mild as ever. But the very heavens showed a strange impatience, with 'exhalations whizzing in the air.' And some, whose imaginations were more active than others, said voices were heard in the shoe-maker's shop until a late hour. But the more knowing ones believed it not, for no light was there to be seen:

WHEN PHOEBUS from the lap
Of THETIS had snoozed out its nap,
And like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn,

the neighbors were seen hurrying hither and thither, and pointing toward the western part of the village, where, to their great joy, and the great vexation of Mr. PLATT, his aforesaid barn was again raised and boarded on the same old spot! The barn was evidently surprised, and stood aghast at the terrible convulsions going on.

'The indignation of Mr. PLATT knew no bounds. Uncle REUBEN was brought before the Justice, and as there was no evidence against him, (save that he acknowledged, the following morning, that he was 'exceedingly fatigued, and felt as if he had labored for twenty-four consecutive hours,') the complaint was dismissed. Mr. PLATT, however, was not dismissed until he was duly elected a member of the 'Trade-sale Company,' and not even then, until he was put in a position to be an officer of the Company. Mr. PLATT would never touch the barn after; and to this day it is still standing, and is used for a store-house and blacksmith-shop at Edenton.

A committee of the Church once waited on Uncle REUBEN, on account of a profane expression which escaped his lips, (as it was said,) while repairing a dam; not the 'wind-mill dam' before spoken of, but another. Uncle was silent at their reproof, until he perceived that it was a play upon the word 'dam.' He then indignantly denied the accusation of profanity, and said if it had been true, he would have received the reproof in a becoming Christian spirit, although he was not a member of the Church.

'As it is, however,' said he, 'I advise you to look after those of your own numbers, over whom you are bound to watch, and who are subject to your discipline.'

'The committee replied that they should be glad to be informed of any transgressions of their own number, of a like kind.

'My Uncle replied:

'I never liked a tale-bearer, nor to gossip; but of this you may be sure, I never heard a man swear as Deacon THOMAS did yesterday, when his horse was contrary at Edenton.'

'Here ended the interview: but within a few days, Uncle REUBEN had a summons to appear before an ecclesiastical court, with his fees duly tendered, to testify against Deacon THOMAS. He had been arraigned, and pleaded not guilty. Now the Deacon was a Federalist, and the Democrats were in great glee at his expected disgrace. The parish was divided by strict party-lines, and the whole town caught the excitement.

'On the day of the trial, a great concourse assembled at the church. Deacon THOMAS still denied his guilt; and Uncle REUBEN was a man, as was well known, who would not vary a hair's breadth from the truth. The oath was administered, and the inquiry put by the chairman of the council:

'Have you, Mr. P —, at any time heard Deacon THOMAS make use of any profane expressions?'

'The excitement for a moment was intense. At last Uncle REUBEN said:

'No!'

'CHAIRMAN: 'Did you understand the question, Sir? The question is, whether or not you have ever heard Deacon THOMAS speak profanely?'

'UNCLE REUBEN: 'I never did, Sir.'

'The committee of reference came to the rescue, and asked the witness:

'Did you not *tell* us that you heard Deacon THOMAS speak profanely?'

'UNCLE REUBEN: 'No, Sir!'

'COM.: 'Do you recollect our conversation, some weeks ago, at ———?'

'UNCLE REUBEN: 'I do, Sir.'

'COM.: 'What did you say about the profanity of Deacon THOMAS?'

'UNCLE REUBEN: 'I said I never heard a man swear as he did.'

'COM.: 'And how *did* he swear, Sir?'

'ANS.: 'He said *'I never!'*'

'That night there was a great accession to the numbers of the Trade-sale Company.'

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR. — The gossiping '*Letter to the Editor*' which ensues, comes to us from a correspondent in the 'City of Elms,' who has, on more than one occasion, made the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* both to laugh and weep. He has been too long absent from these pages:

'I BELIEVE that a great many people, young people more particularly, have a vague impression that NOAH WEBSTER died a long while ago, instead of so recently as 1843. They think of him in connection with the queer old spelling-book of their early years, and hear their fathers say that they, too, studied the same book. They, perhaps, confound him with the youth represented in the frontispiece of that old volume, who, under the guidance of a mysterious being in flowing drapery, trooper's hat, and sandals, ascended the steep rocks, secured the golden apple, and disappeared over the dome of the Temple of Fame, ages since. Very few, at the present day, I suppose, entertain the idea that DANIEL WEBSTER was the author of WEBSTER'S Spelling-Book. DANIEL WEBSTER publicly and magnanimously disavowed the authorship; said he did not, and, which was more, could not make a spelling-book; although he felt flattered in having the work attributed to him. In my copy of that production, (which, with the exception of the spelling-part, I recollect distinctly,) some embryo artist had painted red and yellow flames issuing from the imposing structure denominated the Temple of Fame; and this, combined with a little disagreeable information acquired at Sunday-school, and the operose nature of the journey altogether, effectually destroyed my ambition; and caused me to subside into a grocery-store, at an early period of my history.

'One day, an old gentleman, dressed in black, entered the store, and wished to have a green-glass bottle filled with 'Mrs. G. B. MILLER'S first quality Maccaboy-snuff' (I quote from the label,) saying that he was on his way to the Post-Office, and would stop on his return. One pound of snuff was put in the bottle and soon the old gentleman returned. In consequence of 'the uncertain glory of an April-day,' he was detained for a few moments, and, to pass the time, entered into conversation with another old gentleman in regard to the old folks about town. I rather like to hear old men talk. I learned who built the old house on such a corner, who showed signs of failing strength, and who were 'holding their own' remarkably well. It seemed to please and elate the old gentleman, (owner of the green-glass bottle,) when told that he himself was exceedingly spry and active for a person of his years; and the sun breaking out brightly of a sudden, he proved that such was the fact, by springing lightly over a swollen gutter, and walking away more rapidly than usual. I watched him as he passed on, and almost fancied that he would look around to see if the 'time' he was making was properly observed and appreciated. He slackened his pace, shortly, and was an old man again. Having believed that NOAH WEBSTER had long been numbered with the dead, I was a good deal surprised to learn that this was he; may be, more than HAMLET was, at the appearance of his governor's ghost—for HORATIO had previously told him about it.

'It has been said that 'brevity is the soul of wit,' and I think the same quality is the soul of pathos, too. If I am not the first utterer of this opinion, I can at least furnish a forcible illustration in support of the principle. When our streets were draped in black, and the bells tolled sadly in memory of the 'GREAT EXPOUNDER,' among other briefly-eloquent allusions to the bereavement, was the subjoined, suspended in front of a German fancy-store:

'W —: HE GONE!!'

'What a candid, unprejudiced, world-embracing mind, that Englishman must have had, of whom GRACE GREENWOOD tells the following story:

'At a dinner-party, the other day, during a little playful discussion of Yankee character, a bland and benevolent-looking old gentleman at my side informed me that he had come to the conclusion that the wooden-nutmeg story was neither more nor less than a mischievous satire. 'For,' said he, 'there would be such an amount of minute carving required to make a successful imitation of the nutmeg, that the deception would hardly pay the workman. For myself, I do not believe the cheat was ever practised.' I thanked him, in the name of my country, for the justice done her, and

assured him, that the story of the Yankee having whittled a large lot of unsalable shoe-pegs into melon-seeds, and sold them to the Canadians, was also a base fabrication of our enemies.'

'Are you much of a speaker? Were you ever called upon for a speech at a public dinner? Probably you have. I never suffered an attack of this kind, until the Burns festival, on the twenty-fifth of January. Every body at the table had taken part in the festivities; had sung songs, and made speeches. Even our friend 'JIMMY POON' had favored the company with a song—a song full of dreamy incoherence, and misty unmeaningness—in a voice tremulous as an Æolian harp, and as little to be relied upon as the gait of a badly-trained trotting-horse—which was, on the whole, suggestive of being a very dim recollection of something he had never known. They had all distinguished themselves more or less in some way, when the chairman, as a sort of practical joke, I fancy, proposed the health of 'SMITH.' I was SMITH, and it came near putting an end to my life on the spot. I had never made a speech; never thought of making one; had nothing to say, and could n't have said it, if I had. I was only conscious of a rush of blood to my head, a violent rapping on the tables, a fantastic dance of tumblers and cut-glass decanters, and above all, loud cries of 'SMITH!' (a good-natured friend afterward consoled me by saying that the proposition of the Chair was not received with any great degree of enthusiasm, and that the terrible uproar only had an existence in my excited imagination. The intelligence was eminently soothing.) 'SMITH! SMITH! SMITH!' What was I to do? I first thought of diving under the table; but then the reflection that I would be ignominiously dragged from my hiding-place and exposed to the derision of 'two nations,' put a stop to that move.

'SMITH! SMITH! SMITH!' It occurred to me to follow the example of SHERIDAN; who, when overpowered with wine, told the policemen, engaged in taking him home, that his name was WILBERFORCE, and that he was not often in that condition; and deny my identity. But I was known. 'SMITH! SMITH! SMITH!' I thought of dashing from the room, and tearing through the darkness; but then, the horrid possibility that a hundred Scotchmen and Americans would rush out in pursuit, and in all human probability, capture me, forced itself upon my confused intellect. 'SMITH! SMITH! SMITH!' There was no escape. I unconsciously rose to my feet, gazed at the long perspective of anxious faces, and, without previous study, delivered the annexed address: 'Gentlemen,' (aside, Fiends:) 'I thank you very much, but it is impossible for me to say any thing.' I then sat down, in a high fever and a low state of mind. After retiring for the night, I dreamed that I was standing on a mammoth Scotch 'haggis,' before a vast concourse of citizens, and making innumerable speeches in rapid succession, and with brilliant success. The ideas, it is true, were substantially the same as those embraced in the original effort, but differently arranged.

'I am well acquainted with the Chairman of that festival. I do not wish to do him any material harm. He has lately been married. I do not design to add to his troubles. I will mildly retaliate by telling a story, illustrative of his kindness of heart, and his total ignorance of matters of art. In a number of the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' some time ago, your readers were furnished with a fine engraving of your own phiz, which, it will be remembered, was not adorned with a shirt-collar. The young man with whom I have to do, is connected with an extensive shirt-factory in this city; and, innocently supposing that your poverty and not your taste, made you appear before the public in that shape, wished to obtain my opinion as to whether a gift of a dozen nicely-stitched collars would be pleasantly received or proudly rejected by you. I judged that the collar was left off at the suggestion of ELLIOTT, as I had read or heard that artists disliked that article of dress, and often dispensed with it when consulting their own fancy. I furthermore stated, that if you really had been in a necessitous state when the picture was taken, you were doubtless blessed with friends, who would have had sufficient confidence in your honesty to have loaned you a collar for the occasion. This was conclusive reasoning with my liberal-minded friend, and the collars were not forwarded. If I acted injudiciously in thus giving my decision, I can only hope to repair the injury by remarking, that the offer is still open for your acceptance.*

* Goon!—send 'em on: and also a bushel of those little sweet blue-black Dragon-river oysters in the shell. 'Second time of asking.'—'OLD KNICK.'

'An acquaintance of mine relates, that the most tender parting that he ever witnessed, was between two Scotchmen in the old country. One of them was being rowed from the dock to the vessel which was to bear him across the Atlantic. As the boat receded from shore, the friend who was left behind cried out, tears streaming down his face: 'Good-bye! good-bye!—there you go, there you go!—you d——d old fool!'

'From the window of an old book-store, facing the 'Green,' dingy busts of Dr. TAYLOR and NOAH WEBSTER looked out, from year to year. The old book-store was a famous meeting-place, 'Commencement'-times: it was here the Alumni recorded their names. It was here old class-mates met, after long separations, and laughed and talked over former days. Well, new hands have taken the shop; the old books are 'selling off without regard to cost;' the old heads have vanished from the window, and two full-length figures, holding gas-burners, have usurped their places. Dr. TAYLOR is intently engaged in unravelling some dark mystery about a superannuated coal-scuttle in a back-room, and NOAH WEBSTER finds something equally interesting in an old packing-case, labelled, 'A. H. MALTBY, Book-seller, New-Haven, Conn.: Keep Dry.' Painters and joiners have blotted out the old familiar marks, and have modernized the look. The KNICKERBOCKER, lying on the counter, wears the same old face. Every thing else has been knocked from a 'cocked-hat' into a modern silk affair. However, it is up with the times, and all right; merely a matter of regret to 'old fogies.'

'But what I wish to say, is this: One of the proprietors exhibited a lamentable want of charity, and an unpardonable lack of penetration a few days ago, during the bustle of alteration, which ought to be exposed. A long-bearded man thrust his head in the door, and asked, 'Do you want any chairs bottomed to-day?' The young book-seller instantly and roughly responded, 'No!' The man, of course, moved on. A shabby sort of a character, who had been hanging about the store, handling books, and who was strongly suspected of having an unpaid-for copy of 'Paradise Lost in his overcoat-pocket, immediately informed the young merchant that he had done very wrong in dismissing the itinerant so uncereemoniously. 'The traveller,' said he, 'was a wandering Jew, and wanted to sit down!'

'The book-seller, assisted by a red-headed painter, and a squint-eyed carpenter, in a green-baize jacket, collared the enigmatical individual, and, totally disregarding his earnest request for the privilege of explaining, marched him into the street. G. E. T.'

'THE REBELLION AT TIPPLETOWN, reported by REUBEN CARBUNCLE, Esq., is not a bad satire; and in these days of 'Maine-Law' demonstrations it will doubtless be welcomed by many readers:

'ONE of the chief characteristics of the age is a growing opposition to tyranny; and as where the tyranny is most grinding this opposition will naturally be the greatest, it is not strange that it has shown itself, to a considerable extent, in the dominions of his Majesty, King ALCOHOL.

'That the subjects of this monarch are becoming disaffected to him, a meeting held, a few moons since, at Tiptletown, one of his Majesty's strong-holds, makes evident.

'At the hour appointed for the meeting, the citizens of Tiptletown assembled. BENJAMIN BLOAT, Esq., was called to the Chair, and JACOB MIXER chosen Secretary. This gentleman, however, being attacked with a sudden nausea, which resulted in a severe vomiting-fit, Mr. CARBUNCLE was appointed to fill his place as Secretary, *pro tem*.

'The house was then called to order, and Mr. BRANDYBREATH, carpenter by trade, rose, and proceeded to state the object of the meeting as follows:

'MR. CHAIRMAN: The object of this meeting, as I understand it, is, to give the citizens of Tiptletown an opportunity to express their views with regard to the government we are under, and to devise means for throwing off the yoke of slavery now upon us, and recovering our former freedom:

'In calling this meeting, I think we have hit the nail square upon the head. Our Sovereign,

when he commenced his rule over us, promised, that with regard to our rights and privileges, all should go on as smooth as a shaving; that the broad plank of liberty and peace should be thrown out for us to step upon; and we saw nothing to hinder the plan of our happiness from working evenly and beautifully. But no sooner did he perceive his power securely underpinned, than, instead of framing his government upon the proper foundations of equity and justice, he, to our mortification, built up a most unsightly structure of tyranny and oppression. Had he continued, as at first, to exercise a mild rule, we should have become glued to his interests; but so firmly does his dominion show itself to be spiked to purposes of violence and cruelty, that the scaffolding of our hopes of happiness under his reign are but slenderly propped. We have braced up his government as long as we could; we have served King ALCOHOL faithfully; we of Tiptletown have been most loyal subjects; but we have been screwed up in the vice of oppression till we can bear it no longer. I tell you, Mr. Chairman, we are being crushed flat as a clap-board! The timbers of our government are badly laid. Our monarch chiselled out enviable prospects for us only to destroy them again. Our hopes, which we have swung upon him as a stay, are all unhinged, and unless we bestir ourselves to seek some other than the roof of his protection, the walls and rafters, beneath which we have taken shelter, will fall in upon us, and our fate will be sealed. He is not adapted to us. Sir, I wish to nail the conviction to your minds that the tenon does not fit the mortise. We ought to show him that, in carving out his diabolical plans to enslave us, he is working against the grain. He will find us a knotty board to cut to suit his caprices. I give it, therefore, as my sentiments, that we become joined together in the resolve to pry the throne of this usurper from its base, and plant ourselves on the well-supported platform of liberty and justice.'

'Mr. BRANDYBREATH here remarked that he would be pleased to add more upon a matter of such vital importance, but a violent attack of the cholic, from which he had suffered during the day, had made so heavy a draught upon his strength that he felt constrained to sit down.

'HENRY HECTIC, shoe-maker, next occupied the floor. After a violent fit of coughing, with which he was at that moment seized, had subsided, he was enabled to proceed, remarking, in the first place, that one would hardly suppose, from the zeal with which he had served the King, that he should be here to-night to say aught against him. That the paleness which they saw resting upon his countenance, and the hollow cough which beset him, were the result of too faithful service of their common master. 'And what is more,' added he, 'this hollow cough and cadaverous complexion are the only requital I have realized for my devotedness.'

'He then went on to observe:

'ALAS! some time ago, Mr. Chairman, I perceived that our Sovereign was made upon the wrong last for us; and I wish I could say that this were to be the last day that he is ever to exercise control over us. I always knew he would be a spirited, fiery monarch, but I was so foolish as to suppose that these qualities would be turned to a good use, and be the instrument of happiness to us. But I am now convinced that the soul which the ALMIGHTY gave him, is as dead to all sense of humanity and philanthropy as the sole of his boot. Sir, the tyrant's iron heel is being stamped upon our foreheads! All his alluring promises to bring us ease and comfort, have proved weak and brittle as a rotten shoe-string. We have served him now a long time, and all our efforts to derive contentment from his authority have been bootless. I am of the settled opinion that we had better dislodge this insolent monster from his high elevation, even at the risk of impairing the anterior extremities of our sandals, nor move a peg from our position, till the work is accomplished.

'That, Mr. Chairman, is the way my awl sticks!'

'All eyes were now turned with marked attention toward a form that slowly rose, supported by a staff, in one corner of the room. It was that of a venerable farmer who had lived in the neighborhood the most of his life, Mr. THOROUGHSHAKER. He had a face remarkably round, and rosy in hue, for so old a man, which some attributed to health, but which was in reality an appearance which the King had the art of giving to all of his faithful servants. He thus addressed the chair:

'I HAVE tilled the soil in this realm a great many years. No sooner had an intimate acquaintance sprung up between the King and myself than my liking for him became deeply rooted. We hitched in together admirably. In serving him I have now grown gray in the harness; grown gray, perhaps, before the time. My estate has suffered severely; and my family have undergone many hardships and privations in consequence of my ploughing his furrows so devotedly. But an ample reward has been reaped in the benignity he has shown me. In youth, from the wit and sprightliness I caught from his company, they used to call me NED LIVEFAST; and, in fact, when in his society I used

to think I could crowd three ordinary hours in one. And now, in my regular business, in harvest-time, he always sends some of his especial messengers to come and assist me -- either Mr. NEW-RUM or OLD RYE, or HOLLAND-GIN, or WHISKEY-PUNCH, or two or three at a time; and they help us through our work with wonderful efficiency. It is true, if you attempt to become too familiar with his men, or ask too much of them, they are a little impudent; will give you a thrust that will make you stagger, or perhaps lay you on your back, senseless; but then a man of prudence and self-command knows how to manage them to a charm. And in all my other labors I am helped through by them equally well. And I think you do wrong to rise up thus against this our benefactor. I have the authority of parson LOVE-A-DRAM against your conduct. He was telling me the other day that reason, no less than revelation, teaches 'the divine right of kings;' and he quoted St. PAUL, who says, 'Servants, be obedient unto your masters.' And again, 'The powers that be, are ordained of God.' He also alluded to the passage, 'Blessed are the merciful,' and thought it particularly blessed to be merciful to such 'good creatures of God' as King ALCOHOL. He even said, that in some parts of the land, especially in the Maine District, the King and his chief emissaries were resorted to as a source of 'Christian consolation.* Now I believe that the parson was under the 'direct influence of the spirit' when he uttered these words, and hence they alone ought to induce you to lay aside your fury, and leave our Sovereign undisturbed in his rightful authority. For my part, whatever treachery and ingratitude others may show, my prayer shall ever be, 'Long live the King!'

'Mr. THOROUGHSHAKER now became much affected; the tears trickled down his cheeks, and, evidently moved by the same spirit which had inspired Parson LOVE-A-DRAM, he sang the following stanzas, impromptu, to the tune of Old GRIMES:

'KING ALCOHOL, that good old soul,
I ever shall adore;
His name I always loved full well,
And loved himself the more.

'A blessing is he, when I'm wet,
A comfort when I'm cold;
He doth support my tottering steps,
Now years have made me old.

'Ye traitors vile, ye may rebel,
Ye'll rue it to your dotage!
Ye'll thus your birth-right sell, nor get
E'en Esau's mess of pottage!

'KING ALCOHOL, that good old soul,
I ever shall adore;
I've loved him dearly from my youth;
I love him more and more.'

'Having concluded his verses, Mr. THOROUGHSHAKER sank with happy feelings into his seat.

'Mr. MIXER, first-chosen Secretary, feeling relieved of his nausea, expressed a desire to address a few words to the meeting:

'I THOUGHT,' said Mr. MIXER, 'that as I held a very important office under the King, I might state a fact or two worth knowing. As you all know, I have been collector of the King's revenues. Mr. THOROUGHSHAKER admits that he has sacrificed a great deal for the King, but declares he has been amply repaid. Now his love for the monarch has made him blind to all he is losing by him. I can tell him that where the king gives a gill, he takes a gallon. I have been collector of his money long enough to know that he is very different from other monarchs. They tax only the property and services of their subjects; but ours taxes every thing we possess -- property, services, health, strength, peace of ourselves and families, future hopes, both for this world and the next; taxes us heavily, too; so that unless we soon rid ourselves of the burden, we shall wish we had never entered the world. I have been deputed to collect these taxes; but as long as I shall! I shall no longer be the instrument of King ALCOHOL to see and to cause loss and suffering to his subjects! What if I do obtain from him paltry advantages? It is all 'saving at the spigot only to lose at the bung!'

'The speech of Mr. MIXER was delivered with earnestness, and produced so deep an effect that the moment seemed a favorable one to get the voice of the house by a vote. Fully two-thirds voted for open rebellion; and these pledged themselves, by a writing, to renounce all farther allegiance to the King, and not to rest until he was banished the country.

* REFERRING to imitations of books sold in Maine, bearing on the back that name.

'The meeting then dissolved; and the rebels having gained many converts in the village, they resolved to 'come out and be wholly separate,' and accordingly moved en masse to the thriving town of Soberville, where they are now living in freedom and contentment, although at the cost of unmitigated warfare with their exasperated King.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Whoso has enjoyed the Damascus-blade 'cuts' of the Reverend SYDNEY SMITH, upon a cognate theme, in the *'Edinburgh Review,'* will find in the following 'matter for reflection.'

'In my last letter, I gave you an account of our movements, up to the time of our arrival at the scene of our missionary operations. A day's journey up the Alqua river brought us within sight of Bamako, the chief residence of HOKEE-POKEE, King of Bornou. The natives, having notice of our approach, had prepared themselves, and were on the look-out: when within six miles of the town, we came upon the first out-posts, who immediately took to their heels; and, being joined, as we came in sight, by detachments of scouts stationed at no great distance apart along the banks, by the time we came in sight of the town, we had a foreshortened view of fully fifteen hundred legs, the owners of which were making a bee-line for safety.

'We camped out, about a half a mile from the walls, which were made of bamboo, plastered with white mud, and surmounted, as far as we could see, by black heads, intently scanning our movements. The main part of our baggage not having arrived, I attached to a cane a white handkerchief, and, under the protection of this flag of truce, sent forward one of our guides with a number of presents; among which were, a box of red wafers, a box of hooks-and-eyes, a bottle of paregoric, and two cork-screws. With these articles HOKEE-POKEE expressed himself pleased, and appointed an early hour next morning for an interview at our tents: accordingly, he arrived about eight o'clock. His costume consisted of a tuft of feathers for the head, a string of beads for the neck, and one yellow boot; his face plentifully dotted with the wafers of yesterday.

'Having explained to him, through the medium of an interpreter, whom we afterward found knew next to nothing of the language, the object of our visit, HOKEE-POKEE dismissed his attendants out of ear-shot, and sat down, while Brother BOREM, with the aid of the interpreter, and certain diagrams drawn in the sand with a piece of bamboo, expounded to him the general ground-plan of our intentions. . . . Having recalled his followers, and distributed his stock of hardware among them, with a view to easy portage, he performed two summersets, expressive of the high consideration in which he held us, and left, promising to call again. This was certainly a good beginning, having awakened an interest in the heart of the King, how easy would be the conversion of the whole tribe! We were a little disconcerted, in the course of the next day, at discovering that a part of the royal escort had been successful in robbing us of a hatchet, a buffalo-robe, a string of sleigh-bells, and a small keg of brandy, which we had for medicinal purposes.

'Next morning, our interpreter having ventured into the vicinity of the town, returned with intelligence that King HOKEE-POKEE, after his return, held a great feast, and, drinking enormous quantities of our brandy, became unaccountably drunk; and, in a paroxysm of fury, seized his head-drummer by the arms, and split open that functionary's head with the stolen hatchet. He then strung the drummer's ears on a hempen string suspended about his neck, and ordered the body served up when cold.

'I would urge upon our friends the necessity of sending out a large supply of coal-scuttles: you may carry an argument home to a king's heart in a coal-scuttle, when a first mortgage on a corner-lot for ten thousand dollars would be of no effect whatever.

'P. S. I open this letter to say, that we have just heard that the Rev. SILAS DIPPER, who, together with his wife, were sent out by the Baptist Society, and were never heard of again, pitched their tents among this tribe, and, within a month after their arrival,

were made into pot-pie and eaten. BOREM says he begins to feel the inroads of this climate upon his constitution; I advised him to try the effect of coast-air, and he advised me to accompany him, lest any thing should happen to him on the way: we shall therefore start in twenty minutes.

'You need not send the coal-scuttles: I am more than ever convinced that our labor will be in rain.'

'I HEREWITH inclose to you,' writes a Kentucky correspondent, 'a small 'pome,' 'the why of which' I will explain. I happen to have a very pretty and sprightly little cousin, who recently made a visit to a neighboring city. While there, she was honored by the usual gallantry of our western beaux among whom was one who discoursed most eloquently of poets and poetry. She very naturally supposed that he was 'a real live poet,' but never having seen his name appended to any specimen, she inquired his *nom de plume*. He had none, he said; 'what he wrote, he wrote over his own proper name, but had published nothing for some years past, as he was determined that he would not pander to the degenerate taste of the day, in which no poetry of 'high, lofty feeling and thought' was appreciated: not he! He proposed, however, to send *her* a specimen of the 'inspirations of his muse,' and, after a fashionable delay, the accompanying document made its appearance. I send the original: read it, and advise Mr. PEPPER to look to his laurels:

'FARWELL Miss SARAH we soon must part
And part alas I fear for aye
Yet shall thine image gild my heart
As sun-beams gild the clouded day

'If darkning storms play round my way
And shrouded in sorrows dark
Still SARAH they image will be
Never clothed from my memory

'When evening shades are gathering fast
And bright moonbeams glow over s k
Tis the SARAH I think of the
Tho far far away I may be!

Is not this 'touching?' - - - It never occurred to us until now, but there would really seem to be plausible ground for the remarks which ensue, and which we take from the letter of a western correspondent, just received: 'An insinuating south-wind having last night frightened all the snow into a watery grave, I can't drive the white-maned pony and ride in the red cutter at all to-day; so I have taken to the stove, to chestnuts, large red apples, cider, (not yet *smart* enough to put it within the pale of the Maine Law, to my taste, at least,) and to SHAKSPEARE. There seems to me a subject for inquiry in relation to the dramas of SHAKSPEARE, which I do not remember to have seen touched upon in any of the numerous commentaries upon the Great Dramatist: that, while every passion, affection, and even instinct, of the soul is developed and elevated into conspicuous view, as embodied in some one character of his plays, we do not find any one well-defined instance of that strongest and deepest of all relations—that of the mother for her offspring. Cases of it there are, but, if I am not widely at fault in my reading, it is nowhere made the absorbing theme upon which any play turns for its interest. Neither can I now call to mind any drama, by any author, where this has the prominence which its acknowledged strength would seem to warrant. And it seems to me not easy to un-

derstand why poets have neglected to make use (upon the stage) of this powerful passion for eliciting the sympathies of an audience. Glimpses of it frequently appear, but is it any where the vital centre about which a play revolves? One might think a fair setting forth of it was in the affection of CONSTANCE for ARTHUR in King JOHN. Yet, here it is not made the prominent interest of the play; and is, withal, so mixed with ambition, that one hesitates which to pronounce the strongest. When her boy is taken prisoner, she tears her hair in frantic grief, (or disappointment,) exclaiming:

“OH! that these hands could so redeem my son
As they have given these hairs their liberty!”

And again, as every body remembers, in a burst of wonderful pathos:

“GRIEF fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words;
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,” etc.

All which would indicate the purest motherly affection, did we not unfortunately remember what she said before, speaking to ARTHUR himself:

“If thou, that bidd’st me be content, wert grim,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains;
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
I would not care; I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee.”

So thread-bare does the motherly love become here, that one can see the ‘filling’ is some foreign substance — love of glory, rather. Speaking of King JOHN, by the way, it is hopefully refreshing to read, now and then, that really pathetic scene between ARTHUR and HUBERT, his jailor, in these times of sentimental songs, and, saddest of all, prose twaddle, when young ladies ‘weep’ (if we may credit them) and

“Young gentlemen will be as sad as night
Only for wantonness.”

THE following is a chapter of our friend the ‘PEASANT-BARD’S’ ‘sparking’ experience; and we here present it to the ‘hail fellows well-met,’ to whom he has dedicated it:

“WHAT TIME THE KINE CAME DOWN THE BRAE.”

A SONG BY THE ‘PEASANT-BARD.’

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE NEW-YORK BURNS CLUB.

“WHAT time the kine came down the brae,
And VESPER showed her light,
I held across the fields my way,
To pass a happy night.
Oh, there is nothing on the earth,
Beneath the sky above,
That brighten can the heart of man,
Like WOMAN, with her love!

“A robin caroled, sweet and clear,
A hymn to parting day;
I would have lingered, him to hear,
If love had let me stay.
Oh, there is nothing on the earth, etc.

'I saw her at the cottage-door,
Beneath a climbing-vine,
And thought, with worlds I should be poor,
If she were never mine.
Oh, there is nothing on the earth, etc.

'How sweet the welcome that I sought!
How sparkling, yet sincere!
Her speaking eye, that told the thought
She would not let me hear!
Oh, there is nothing on the earth, etc.

'The cock was crowing for the day,
When homeward I returned:
How cold the dew-drops round my way!
How warm my bosom burned!
Oh, there is nothing on the earth,
Beneath the sky above,
That brighten can the heart of man,
Like WOMAN, with her love!'

THE following (which we have read five or six times,) comes to us from far-off California. It is from the pen of our old friend and occasional contributor, STEPHEN C. MASSETT, Esq., now of the San Francisco press, whence he is often heard from as 'Mr. JAMES PIPES, of Pipesville.' Mr. MASSETT has been a very great traveller, and an observant one, to boot. He has written us from the Eternal City, from Paris, from the banks of the Nile and the H—llespont, the Neva and the Sacramento. We believe him to be a son of the 'Wandering Jew,' for he is a veritable 'chip of the old 'brick.' He has a keen perception of humor, and his own 'conceits' in that kind are exceedingly clever. He has pathos, moreover, as any one will admit who shall read the following. We should like to hear the lines he apostrophizes sung in his deep, musical voice:

'My hair is getting gray; the crows'-feet are multiplying about my eyes, and the wrinkles becoming deeper and deeper in my forehead and around my mouth. Well, what of this to *thee*, my reader? Nothing in particular; only I thought for a moment, while looking in the glass this morning, of the beautiful lines of BARRY CORNWALL, and immediately made up my mind to ask old Father TIME to deal 'gently' with me. But first, reader, to the lines. Just read them:

'Touch us gently, gently, TIME!
Let us glide a-down thy stream
Gently — as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet, quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three —
(One is lost — an angel — fled
To the azure overhead!)

'Touch us gently, gently, TIME!
We've no proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple, simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gently, TIME!'

'Are they not beautiful? Our friend, GEORGE LODER, has set them exquisitely to music. Go to ARWILL'S, on Washington-street, and ask him, or his handsome assistant, CHARLEY McL—, to hand you the ballad, and you will thank Mr. PIPES for the suggestion.

'I recollect distinctly, years ago, looking with a sort of sympathetic pity upon a relative of mine whose hair was turning gray, and was quite surprised at his apparent indifference to the fact; at the same time believing it out of the question that my dark locks would ever put forth any silvery hairs; but lo! here they are by the score, and

yet I do not actually mind it, although it is n't the pleasantest thing in the world to have a friend come up to you half a dozen times a day, with:

'Why, PIPES, you're getting quite gray, I declare!'

'Therefore, old Father TIME, 'touch us gently,' if you please! Some years ago, at parting with a very dear sister, she remarked to me:

'I will not say 'good-bye,' for I know we shall meet again, at least before TIME can have made any material change in either of us.'

'*She is dead*—and my hair is turning gray. TIME has made changes; but gently has he dealt with me.

'In what way, after years of separation, do we meet? Do we look at each other with the same feeling that we had at parting? Does not, in many cases, the surprise felt, if not expressed, at the impress of the 'seeds of mortality' in our outward appearance, amount to positive pain? I think so. We part in youth—bright, joyous, ruddy youth! We meet again in middle age. 'Touch us gently, TIME!' Has the heart changed? have the affections weaned? No! But touch us gently, *gently*, TIME! And some have gone to dig gold—the young, the middle-aged, the old. They have left the homesteads of their youth, the pleasant fire-side, the smiles of wives, and the voices of their little ones; and they have toiled and labored; and what, in many cases, has been their reward? In their wooden-rocker, peeping up from a heap of mud, sand, and stones, a few specks of the glittering metal make glad the eye. Gold! found at last! I must have more! 'Touch us gently, TIME!' They toil, and toil—traverse the ravines, valleys, and hills. In abundance they find the bright, bright metal! They will return to the loved ones at home! 'Touch us gently, TIME!' And years have passed, and the foot-steps are homeward-bound! Oh! then let there be some green spot left that has not felt the withering influence of thy cold hand, old Father TIME! upon which the eye of the wanderer can rest with pleasure unspeakable; that will bring back to him—through the long vista of years—a touch of boyhood; that will make him remembered, even though the sprigs of mortality are fast thickening, and the wrinkles growing deeper! 'Touch us gently, TIME!'

May that prayer be answered! - - - UNDER the head of '*A New Deceptive Hen's-Nest*,' we find the following in a Southern journal: 'This is one of the most ingenious contrivances of the age, and is the invention of a down-east Yankee. The design is to deceive poultry into the speedy and liberal laying of eggs, which is accomplished by the peculiar construction of the machine. At the bottom of the nest there is a trap-door, which works on a hinge, being supported by a spring. The moment an egg is placed on this, the trap opens and lets it fall through into a cushioned apartment prepared for its reception. The consequence is, that the bird, just as she is preparing to cackle, glances at the nest, and seeing nothing, actually reasons herself into the belief that she has not laid at all, and resumes her position on the nest, in hopes of making a more successful effort. On the first trial of this curious contrivance before the Commissioner of Patents, to test its virtues, a singular result was effected. A large imported Russian hen was 'located' on the nest, and left to her meditations. On account of pressing business, the hen was forgotten until the next day, when, to the utter astonishment of the commissioner, a half-bushel of eggs was found in the cushioned chamber below.' Now, we beg leave to say, that this is a direct infringement of our own patent for the '*Self-Acting Back-Action Hen-Persuader*,' and we have so notified the Commissioner of Patents. Our friend Professor MAPES knows when we invented it, and at what time it was laid before a committee of the American Institute. Apropos of eggs: that was a singular announcement, lately, in a western newspaper: 'Mr. HIRAM HUBBELL, of Hopetown, laid an egg on our table yesterday, which measured eight inches in circumference!' But 'speaking of eggs,' do go into the American Museum, and look at the 'Poultry Show.' It has made '*The Rural Habitation of Uncle Thomas*' air-tight, leaving 'taken the wind out of it' entirely. Such

a noise, such a 'cock-a-doodle-doo'-ing, and such 'qut-qut-qut-qut-dar-cut'-ing, we never heard before. - - - THE 'synopsis' given by Mr. WILLIAM H. FRY, (an accomplished musical composer, and an excellent man,) of his '*Santa Claus Symphony*' has provoked a description, by a musical contemporary, of an imaginary concert given in Berlin, in which the 'power of music' is set forth to a degree that we have seldom seen surpassed. The concerted piece performed on the occasion is entitled, '*The Sound-Pictured Poem of a Merchant's Life*;' and the following is a specimen of a portion of its 'action.' It would make a Quaker 'laugh out in meeting.'

'SEE now ascending, amid the overwhelming plaudits of the audience and the orchestra, a young man of a pale and interesting countenance, with an immense profusion of uncombed black hair, lending romantic disorder to an appearance in every way peculiar. This is young LOSTISWITZ, and he turns toward the immense assemblage which greets him, while he gracefully endeavors to remove the hair out of his eyes in order to survey them. Still he ascends, and they applaud, and still he labors to behold them through the struggling curtain of a dark hair-maze. But at length he has reached the rostrum of the conductor. All is at once as still as death. On him, the hero of that evening, every eye is bent. Many already have poured forth the soul-tribute of tears. His modest demeanor wins all hearts. And now he waves his baton, and the breathless silence is broken by the first stroke of the orchestra, (the chord of the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-0,) struck by the whole band *staccatissimo Ffff* with the unity of a single gun.

'A pause ensues. Then there begins a plaintive warbling strain on the oboe, accompanied by the ophicleides and one gong. This marks the first entrance of the boy-man into mercantile life. The lingering remembrances of his boyish sports and pleasures (graphically depicted by the touching accents of the oboe in E major) are brought effectively into contrast with the rough rebukes and reproaches of the senior clerk, conveyed by the bassi in C minor. Want of punctuality, and inaccuracy in the details of business, are now sharply urged against him by the violins, in staccato passages *contratempo*. He submits with becoming modesty to this censure in a holding note on the second bassoon. But his mind presently rallies; he girds himself up for his daily task; he is sensible of a divine energy; and now a strict fugue is led off by the tenors, and grows upon the ear through all the forms of harmonic proportion, self-evolving, infinite, yet regular. This proclaims new habits of business, exactness in accounts, well-kept books, and general exemplary conduct. Years roll on, accompanied by the violoncello; the *youth* wins the approbation of his superiors — the *man* is a partner in the firm! Vainly, my dear friend, should I endeavor to convey to you the least adequate conception of the exquisite and finely-preserved gradations by which this picture-poem-sculpture music expresses to the sense of the spectator-auditor, *crescendo poco à poco*, the commercial progress of its youthful hero. With this noble climax, the first movement concludes.

'After a short pause, needed alike by the audience and the performers to recruit their spirits, exhausted by excitement, a grateful *Pastorale* movement commenced, indicating that degree of comfortable independence and rural retirement which are the fruits of well-regulated industry, when the time-earned blessings of competence have placed within reach of the successful partner a small house and grounds in the suburbs, unfurnished, with other conveniences. Every morning at nine o'clock, after a moderate but excellent breakfast, we see him driving into town, in G major, *Allegro two fours*; every evening at five we see him returning to dinner, on the dominant.

'I observed more than one commercial man in the room, who had passed through all the usual stages of mercantile life, yielding himself up to the delusion of the moment, and revelling in associations rekindled among the embers of existence by the spell of the spirit-ruler. Every mind was conscious of a secret regret when the last note of this movement expired. It was to them as the going down of an autumnal sun, bright, but prophetic of no genial return.

'Now followed an *Adagio un poco prestissimo, piano quasi forte, senza tempo* — by far the most sui-general and future-age-anticipating portion of this divine work. LOSTISWITZ has here displayed that deep insight into the principles of instrumentation, which gives him the extraordinary superiority he at present enjoys over contemporary composers as a *combinationist*.

'This movement commences with a trio for *two serpents and an octave flute*, indicative of extensive commercial embarrassment, and so skillfully has the composer applied the resources of his genius to the subject before him that, with this simple machinery, the whole process of what appears a complicated bankruptcy is brought before the mind with startling reality; in so much that it may be doubted if in a country like England,

this portion of the symphony would not require considerable modification, in the event of its performance there. The failure of correspondents, the blockade of the Mexican ports, rumors of the plague at Alexandria, the consternation of clerks and accountants, the presentation of bills for payment, the impetration of renewal, the galling insolence of minacious creditors—all these things *told*, and *were* told with such effect that a powerful sensation of alarm pervaded the whole house, in the midst of which, HERR —, of the firm of — and Company, was carried out in a state of suspended animation. At length, a calm ensues; the assets are found sufficient to prevent injury to credit, confidence revives, orders pour in, and all again is harmony and prosperity. Then comes the grand finale.

'A brisk Allegro in triple time denotes the accumulation of money in the three per cents.; but this movement gradually assumes a statelier style and loftier measure as honors succeed to riches; and, at length, the freedom of the city having been presented in a complimentary Andante of four horns, not without a neat and appropriate reply from the double bass, and a prince of the blood royal having proposed for the sixth daughter in a subsequent bar, the whole of this prodigious work is brought to an end on a sustained dominant, equally remarkable for the novelty of its sequences, and the perfect propriety of its matrimonial arrangements.'

'Effective magic,' that! - - - It is our friend 'BEVERLY,' from whom we are always glad to hear, who sends us the following: 'An article in your EDITOR'S TABLE for February, presenting a specimen of 'colored' pulpit oratory, recalled very vividly an incident that happened in a beautiful grove near the city of Burlington, New-Jersey, some few years since. The expected advent of a distinguished African pulpit-orator, from Pittsburgh, had been the theme of discussion among the sable sons and daughters of Africa, in Burlington, for weeks. On the day appointed for the holding-forth, the pulpit-stage, erected between two venerable oaks, was crowded with the colored heralds of 'de Mefodist 'Piscopal Church;' while beneath and around it, lay a 'darkness,' which, like that of Egypt, might have been felt, and I may add, unlike it, *smelt*. After the opening prayer by a venerable preacher, upon whose black sconce the white wool lay in patches like hoar-frost, a young athletic negro, with the black face, and crisp, short curl of the wool, only to be seen in the real Guinea breed, advanced to the pulpit-desk. He evidently felt that his fame had preceded him, as he looked over that dusky mass, now hushed to admiring silence at his presence. This sable CHRYSOSTOM took for his text: 'Put not your trust in Princes;' and after a glowing exordium, explaining the meaning of the sacred writer, he informed his audience that there were but two kinds of great men—holy princes, and profane princes. 'In de last,' said he, 'my bruddern, de world must nebber put its trust. Why? Beca'se deir ways become corrupted on de yearth, and dey hab no faith. Dere was HANNIBAL, one of de greatest ginerals and princes dat eber libbed in de tide of times—and a *colored pussen*, at dat. Why, I am told he understud tic-tacs better dan any gineral 'ider before or since. Nuffin could stop dat man. He laffed at de Alps, when dey shook deir frowning, awful brows at him; and he and his soldiers walk right ober dem easy as nuffin. But nobody could put any faith in him. He cheated ebery body as soon he got a chance. And den what become ob all his glory when de LORD struck him down? Oh, my bruddern, it was no whar. And dere was JULIUS CÆSAR, one of de greatest ob de earthly princes. He, de shake ob whose foot made de whole yearth to trimble, wid all his greatness nobody trusted him. Dey thought he was a friend ob de people, and yet he was deir greatest enemy. And how did de LORD punish

him? Let de awful groan dat went up from de feet of POMPEY's statue where he fell, answer. And den coming down to de modern times; dere was GINERAL TAYLOR, de great American prince, de great hero who wade waist-deep in blood upon de Mexican battle-fields. Dey made dis man of war PRESIDENT ob dis grate nation, and his heart swell big with pride; and like NEBUCHADNEZZAR, he said 'Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have build-ed?' Could dey trust him? Let de disap'inted applicants for office anser dis pregnant question; dey who he had promised ebery ting to, and yet guv 'em noting! And how did de LORD sarve him? In all his pride of place, de man dat SANTA ANNA could n't kill, was killed by de contemptible instrument of *cherries and milk*! DAVID kill de great GOLIAH wid de simple, smooth stone out of de humble brook; and DEATH strike GINERAL TAYLOR, by too much eating of cherries and milk! - - - It is rare to find a nearer approach to the manner of BURNS, than the following lines '*To the Birds*,' from the pen of Mr. GEORGE ADAMS. They are forwarded to us by an esteemed friend in the county of Broome:

'Awa', ye saucy, dark-winged sprite!
How ken ye that ye ha' a right,
Wi' pilferin' bill to perch an' bite
My scarlet berries,
That, but for you, a' winter might
Ha' blushed like cherries.

'I see you come wi' heedless slash,
T' assail my stately mountain-ash,
An' on its fruit your teeth to gnash,
Ye botherin' wingies:
Ye can't replace the loss wi' cash,
Or spring-time singies.

'You cat-bird tribe, wi' awfu' squ'ak,
That 'mang the foliage daily walk,
An' pillage every thriftie stalk
Of a' its treasure —
I'll dirl the duck-shot through your flock,
I' copious measure.

'An' you, o' red an' tender breast,
Wham I allowed to build your nest,
To rear your bairns, an' tak' your rest,
Among my shrub'ry,
If this's your gratitude, ye pests,
I'll sairlie drub ye.

'An' you, ye top-knot, crottle-crowns,
Ye gay, fop-feathered thievin' hounds,
Just tame enough to haunt my grounds,
Filchin' and robbin' —
Greet not, though I, wi' scars an' wounds,
Wind up your bobbin.

'Killarney, Oct. 1st, 1853.'

'Why dinna ye gang where northern snaws
'The face o' Nature' never froze —
Where witherin' winter never blows?
'T is easy thrivin';
Why tarry here to freeze your toes,
An' steal your livin'?

'Dinna ye ken 't was Autumn now?
That on the auld year's rusty pow
The point o' age has 'gan to plough
Fu' many a wrinkle;
That leaflets, tremblin' on the bough,
Together jinkle?

'To see 'JACK FROST,' wi' frigid phiz,
I' ilka gale aboon them whizz,
An' mak' their vera heart-strings fizz,
Wi' frightfu' quiver;
To think the hatefu' stern auld quiz
Maun cut their liver.

'An' here ye stay, and shiver too,
An' gorge the ornaments that grew
To last the lanesome winter through,
An' deck the fir-tree;
Till Spring should clothe i' beauty new
The birk an' moor-tree.

'Be gane, ye rogues, while yet ye may!
For, (mark my promise,) if ye stay,
Before anither haly day,
Wi' I'aded rifle,
I'll fix ye i' the pot to lay,
An' stew a trifle.'

Is that not BURNS-ish? - - - A FRIEND and contemporary sends us the subjoined: 'In a literary society in a certain college, TALLIS's Shakspeare had been taken in numbers, and not a great many nights since, the librarian announced that the publication was completed, moving at the same time an appropriation for binding it. Whereupon a student—one of the sort, who, following some body's advice, never lose an opportunity for 'ex-

temporaneous speaking'—arose and said: 'Mr. President, I second the gentleman's motion. I do it, Sir, with pleasure, for I have seen the work often spoken of in the newspapers, and almost always with praise. I am glad that the publishers have persevered in completing it, and cheerfully give my vote for putting it in a more permanent form than the fugitive sheets in which it appeared.' The thunders of applause which followed, showed 'the gentleman's' eloquence had had its effect; while his self-admiration knew no bounds. - - - AMONG our new and welcome correspondents, is one who thus announces himself: 'Your 'Up and Down-River correspondence' is so capital, that I wonder much that you have never secured a writer from 'over the bay.' Allow me to be that one semi-occasionally. When I speak of that indefinite place, mind me, no allegorical, anti-Maine-Law region is intended; no undiscovered country; but a veritable materiality, called Monmouth in the Jerseys: 'the Bay,' too, is a positive bay—the noble Raritan—a 'bay as *is* a bay;' the pride of Jersey and the rest of mankind. The 'umble man' that writes is also a living individuality, and not a myth; far from it! Witness seven tender buds; no! JABEZ PERRINE, of Crabtown, lives and moves, and hath his being; is attached to his ked'ntry, the compromises of the Constitution, and the domestic institutions of Monmouth county. Surely this community, living in a land flowing not only with milk and honey, but the centre of the peach, oyster, and clam region; this interesting community, I repeat, has a right to a domestic institution; and they have got one, which is 'the hoss.' He formerly was but a staple production, but has been promoted, and not without reason. The animal has one peculiarity about here; they are all 'four-year-olds.' What becomes of them after they have reached that crisis, is to be solved when the fate of the dead jack-asses is settled; that mystery that puzzled even SAMUEL the Great. To his master, beside being meat and drink, he is the fine-arts; poetry and the school-master; his friend and his companion, his elixir of life, his all in all. Cherished, petted, he fulfils his fate, as chalked out by SWIFT, who must have had Monmouth in his prophetic soul when he pictured the Hounghnymans. Talk to a Monmouth man about the 'progressive spirit of the age,' and he readily, cheerfully admits it all; but instances the improved breeds, which is, in his opinion, the distinguishing feature of the latter half of the nineteenth century. In fact, the truth is, 'that the proper study of mankind is—"hoss."' However, no intolerant bigotry prevails in their system of popular education; and a successful pursuit of any other branch of science will be appreciated by our community. Witness the following anecdote:

'It chanced that I sojourned for a while at one of the 'Pilgrim's Rests,' with which this region abounds. Sitting, one day, amidst a 'righte pleasaunte companie,' the talk turned upon that branch of physicks called by the unenlightened 'dominoes.' At last, an old NESTOR gave in his experience:

'You knew JAKE ELY, boys?'

'Cert'in; and an or'nary feller he was.'

'Him as married GEORGE PREVOST'S darter, and lived down on yon side of the creek?' broke in another.

'Yes! that's the man.'

'Well, I did know him, and he knew my hen-roosts—he did.'

'Sent to Freehold court-house last term, for 'busin' his wife! Awful or'nary.'

'In fact, Mr. ELY, in the opinion of those assembled, seemed to be 'little better than one of the wicked.'

'Old NESTOR waited patiently until the first burst was over, and then spake:

'Yes, he is all that: like all the rest of Natur', he has his good p'int, and he has his bad p'int. JAKER is like the rest on us.'

'Good p'int! Where's his'n?' exclaimed two or three.

'Well, I'll tell ye.'

'Did nary one of yer ever play dominoes with him?'

'Never did,' was the answer.

'Well I hev! And I will say he knows more of the natur' of a domino of any man I ever seed.'

'That sympathetic, appreciative crowd, like UNCLE TOBY's recording-angel, blotted out the memory of his misdeeds for ever. JAKER's character came out like refined gold, and the cause of popular education triumphed.'

Is n't the following, '*not* from the German,' a very pretty thing? Yea or nay?

'LITTLE maiden, azure-eyed,
Tell me, where may you abide?

'Down by the running water, she said;
For I am the Miller's daughter, she said.

'Little maid, if I may ask it,
Tell me what is in your basket?

'I have been a hunting with Love, said she;
And these are the hearts he has killed for me.

'Little maid, if your lips were kissed,
Not a rose-leaf would be missed.

'Oh, you are a pretty man! she said,
And may kiss me if you can, she said.

'Now, why did the maiden, azure-eyed,
Run blindly down to the water-side?

'For she must have known, the silly lass,
That the bridge was down, and she could not pass.

'Then why to the field did the maiden fly?
For she surely knew that the fence was high.

'Then why did the maiden run to the wood?
For she knew that the trees so thickly stood,

'That a rabbit could scarce pass in and out:
Then why did she stand, and smile, and pout?

'Ah me! and must the truth be told?
Another heart does the basket hold!

EDWARD WILLETT.

The little secret may out at last! - - - THERE is a good deal of what may be termed '*Yankee Cunning*' in the following: 'A NUMBER of years ago the demand in the east for dried plums so advanced the price of that fruit as to induce merchants and others to 'buy up' all that could be obtained in any way, at any price. Some sent out their agents to make purchases in the country, wherever a plum-tree had been known to stand. In fact, all were decidedly sharp at plum-buying, yet never was the remark heard to escape the lips of any, 'I am speculating in plums.' Each went on the principle that 'He who was still, obtained the swill,' and as certainly argued

that he would be able to monopolize the plum-market ere long, for many a mile around. One morning, a shrewd clerk of the firm of — bestrode his charger early, and sallied forth to buy of the country merchants in an adjacent town. Hurrying along, he overtook a person whom he recognized as a brother clerk, of another firm, who was mounted for the same errand as himself. 'Well,' said CHARLEY, as he rode up, 'I don't see but we're the first ones out this morning. What sends you out so early?' 'I've got a small note against a man, about ten miles out here, who is rather 'slow,' and I'm going to give him a jog,' was the reply. They trotted along, and CHARLEY made out to inform him that he was going the same way, but that his business was to subpoena a witness, a merchant of T — m. As they drew up before the store of this country merchant, CHARLEY carelessly threw his companion the reins of his horse, requesting him to 'just hold them fast' until he ran in and served his subpoena. He waited patiently, until CHARLEY came out, and in turn asked him to hold *his* horse, as he believed the merchant could tell him where the maker of the note lived. Going into the store, he inquired if they had not a quantity of dried plums. 'Yes,' said the merchant, 'but I've just sold them all to a young man, and have got his money.' 'What! To my friend out there?' 'Yes, Sir,' said the merchant. 'Then I'm 'sold' too,' he replied, leaving the store. 'I say, CHARLEY, if you've got any more witnesses to subpoena, I'll take another road!' and he *did* take another road, but it was the road toward home. - - - 'A CLERICAL friend, who is 'settled' away down East, tells us that he is often very much amused at the shrewdness of a certain parishioner of his, who is very fond of reading his Bible 'without note or comment,' and *guessing* out any obscurities which he may encounter. He came to his pastor, one day, and asked him what, in his opinion, was the reason why the Jews who went out to meet CHRIST as he was riding into Jerusalem, seated on an ass's colt, took branches of palm-trees in their hands. He was told that they intended to honor the SAVIOUR, etc. 'Honor him!' said he; 'that's all humbug! I do n't believe a word of it! Was n't they a-thirsting for his blood? A plaguey sight of *honor* they meant to do him! No! no! I tell you them pesky Jews was awful cunnin' critters, and they wanted to break his neck; and so they took them branches to *skeer the colt!*' Our correspondent commends this interpretation to the attention of all Biblical commentators. - - - 'BEING in Maine, a while ago,' writes 'B.,' of Bridgeport, (Conn.,) 'I fell in with a singular customer. He is a lawyer of some eminence, and a confirmed bachelor. He showed me his boots, (which he wears without stockings or 'socks,') with holes cut through them just above the soles, so as to let the snow-water come freely about his feet, declaring that he had not had a cold for fifteen years by reason of this practice. But the best thing about him was his '*religion*,' as he called it, which I regarded as very peculiar. He believed, he said, that the Earth is a huge animal, breathing every six hours, which causes the ebb and flow of the tides; that the trees, shrubbery, etc., are hairs; and all animals, including men, merely vermin! He also believes in a kind of metempsychosis, and affirms that he can distinctly remember having lived on the earth in nine

different forms. In the last of these, prior to the present, he says he was in the form of a black sheep, which wore a bell; and the dogs getting after the flock, of which he was a leading member, he lost the bell, and has found it since he was a man, and knew it the very moment it caught his eye! 'An 'odd theory,' indeed! - - - THERE was a great variety of styles in the New-Years' Addresses of the city journals this year. The '*Tribune*' had a very beautiful one, from the pen of Mr. B. F. TAYLOR. The commencement was exceedingly felicitous, and it was highly poetical throughout. It began thus:

'CLEARED, last night, from the port of Earth,
The good Year NEVERMORE,
With the Skipper TIME, and passengers twelve,
For the harbor 'HERETOFORE.'

'DECEMBER, 'asleep in the open air,'
On the old Year's deck was lying,
And a sad old man with frost in his hair,
To himself was softly sighing.
Beyond him a matron in rich brocade,
Reclined on a cluster of sheaves;
And a maid in green, with a rainbow zone,
Was trimming her girdle with leaves.
Away by himself, in the vessel's bows,
A nameless old creature had crept,
His heart had grown old, and his eyes were dim,
And 't was plain to see that he wept;
And a radiant girl with deep-blue eyes—
She is named, in the list, as JUNE—
Had bent like a rose-tree over a tomb,
And her words themselves were a tune.
Her breath softly played on his shrivelled cheek,
'Till it melted a frozen tear,
That sparkled as bright in the wintry air,
As if APRIL herself were near.
The anchor came up with a right good-will;
Blue waters sang under the lee;
The grouping grew dim, and the sails a film,
And the vessel was out at sea.'

The annual bard of '*The Albion*' 'opened up' his subject at once, and in the following very independent fashion:

'T is customary for this day to write,
What few I fancy read, a rhymed Address;
And marfy a poet whom the Muses slight,
From hard-bound brains spins out his nothingness.
Not one of these am I, but prosy, quite;
So look for prosy stuff, and nothing less:
I may do better on some future day,
But now, I write not for the fame, but—pay!

'Thus to begin. The wan old year is fled,
With all his progeny of months and days:
The bells, last night, announced that it was dead,
And woke his young successor in amaze.
TIME was imperative, and he well-bred;
So he began at once his destined ways,
And journeyed till the day-light did appear,
(You know the song,) and now in thought he's here.'

Quite a new 'style,' this! - - - 'REV. W. T——,' writes 'J. D. W.,' of Indiana, 'is a large man, of dignified bearing, and, when preaching, extremely sensitive to any disturbance, a slight impropriety on the part of the congregation being quite sufficient to throw him out of the track. He had,

some years ago, in connection with his pastorate, a small congregation in the country, to which he preached semi-occasionally, at a private house. The incident here recorded happened at this place, when a small but *select* audience was listening to one of T ——'s really animated and sensible sermons. As the preacher waxed warm, he observed some mysterious movement among the female gender, which attracted his attention away from the sermon. It grew more observable, until he discovered the hostess collecting some live coals upon a shovel, and preparing to march with them to an adjoining room. It was late in the afternoon, and by some clerical instinct he thought the old woman was about to prepare his supper. He could n't stand that. 'Stop, sister, stop,' said he; 'I shall not remain to supper, and you need not trouble yourself to prepare any for me.' 'I ain't a goin' to,' said the old lady, in reply; 'thar's a woman here *got the colic*, and we're jest a bilin' some yarbs for her!' I was n't there just at that time, but I could discover no difficulty in believing that all the starch was very speedily taken out of that sermon.' - - - THEY certainly are more than 'some' out west. A friend has sent us a bill of fare, from the BURNET HOUSE, Cincinnati, printed in gold, and bearing upon its top a view of that vast and beautiful structure, which could not be out-vied by the ASTOR or the SAINT NICHOLAS. The occasion was a complimentary dinner to Col. SILAS SEYMOUR and his rail-road friends; gentlemen connected with two of the longest and most important rail-road enterprises now in progress in the country. Such entertainments, given in such a style of elegance and liberality, reflect scarcely less honor upon the givers than upon the receivers. If it had not been a *little* too far to go to dine, we might have been present. As it is, we can but 'mourn our loss.' - - - 'A YOUNG lawyer from the Green Mountain State,' writes a friend from the 'far west,' 'somewhat verdant himself, very tall, very light hair, very light eyes, somewhat pompous, looking exceedingly dignified, as other animals do, between large ears, came into our little village with the full intent of 'astonishing the natives' with his learning, his eloquence, and the law! He soon formed a co-partnership with an old lawyer, one JONES, and came into Court at once, with case in hand. The first cause in which he and JONES were engaged they were opposed in by an 'old-line' Illinois lawyer, in himself a genuine 'charcoal sketch!' JONES opened the case before the jury, and our Vermont lawyer followed in a long speech, well conned, and delivered with great accuracy, and, as *he* supposed, with astonishing effect. It was rhetorical, lofty; in short, magniloquent. When he closed, he wiped his brow with a fine, white, lavendered pocket-handkerchief, and looked about him with the air of an orator upon whose efforts the welfare of the world depended, and *by* whose efforts he felt conscious the world had just been saved. It was his maiden-speech in our court, and every body listened with attention. The opposing counsel now arose, very gravely, (he never smiles,) and in a tone and manner which no words can convey, said: 'If the court please, gentlemen of the jury: See here, now: I am goin' to answer JONES in this here cause now in hearin'. I *know* JONES; I've know'd him a great many years; I can foller him; but this here JONES feller I ain't a-goin' to *try* to foller! Why, gentlemen of the jury, there ain't no *use* n tryin' to foller him. He's soar'd aloft; he's bu'st the clouds; he's

gone clean beyond the dog-star; clean into the third heavens, gentlemen, and I put it to you now, if he has touched this blessed airth one single time durin' the whole time *he's been a-speakin' his piece!*' 'The house' came down, of course, and the 'JONES feller' vanished from the room, while the counsel went on in the same grave, almost unconscious vein of satire, and then to 'follerin' JONES.' - - - 'WHILE strolling slowly through the sumptuary department of the Crystal Palace, the other day, and glancing casually at the 'purple and fine linen' with which it is enriched, we encountered some specimens of the latter article, which struck us as the most delicate and exquisitely-wrought fabrics of their kind we had ever seen. Reader, such things *must be*, and they may as well be spoken of: they were *shirts*, and such shirts as would make even a Parisian chemisier tear his hair with envy. Gentlemen whose 'proposals' have been accepted, and who are about emerging from the chrysalis state of courtship into the butterflyhood of matrimony, should inspect those shirts. If a bachelor, about to become a Benedick, desires to look 'trim as a bridegroom,' we advise him to beautify his bust with one of these damascened frontlets of fine linen, which appertain to the garments aforesaid. GREEN, of Number One, Astor House, is their manufacturer and exhibitor, and we have an idea that any thing in the way of perfect fits and elegant styles that he does not know, is not worth the knowing. - - - 'YOUR correspondent,' says PHIL. O'GRADY, of Pittsburgh, 'writing about 'Bishop STEVENSON,' does not do him justice. The Bishop is engaged now at the profitable business of peddling apples and chestnuts during the week, and on Sundays he preaches to the prisoners in the county jail, on (to use his own expression) the 'criminality of crime.' One poor fellow, he says, he has made shed tears 'innumably.' He talks something of requesting or petitioning the POPE to appoint him in place of our Bishop O'CONNOR. When he gets the appointment, you will again hear from him. - - - THE following circumstance illustrates what Mrs. TROLLOPE might be disposed to call 'American Manners:.' 'A man one day came to do business with my father, and, as was the custom among many in that region, kept his head covered during his stay. Soon after leaving the house, he remarked to some one that he had always heard that General M — was very much of a gentleman, but he didn't think so, 'for,' said he, 'I sat in his parlor half an hour or more, with my hat on, and he never once asked me to take it off!' - - - 'Geordie, or the King's Pet,' is about the best imitation of the style of Mr. G. P. R. Q. Z. JAMES, that we have ever encountered. It can scarcely fail to amuse even the great story-teller himself:

'It was near mid-night, toward the close of the afternoon, on a sultry morning in December, 18 —, previous to the revolution of the last war, when the burning moon was setting in the eastern sky, casting a brilliant shadow upon the gorgeous clouds, which entirely obscured the firmament; and the unclouded sun was sending down its noon-day beams with an intensity of heat, like the shrieking of heavy thunder through the deep mountain-gorges of the western prairies.

'Lovely indeed, was the sound of such a spectacle to the feet of the weary traveller, for three feline monsters of the deep were just gathering together for their evening meal, and separating, ere the sun was risen, for the sports of the chase, and all things betokened a response too deep for utterance.

'In the ensuing autumn, about two years previous to the above-mentioned merry catastrophe, two pedestrians might have been seen riding upon horse-back in a three-

wheeled carriage, up to the brow of a precipice under the side of a forest, which had been cut down before the trees had begun to take root, and engaged in eating their evening dinner by the road-side, in the arms of Morpheus. The eldest of the three gentlemen was a young lady, of about fifty-three, and about two years younger than the other man, which latter gentleman was, from the manner in which she addressed him, evidently her only and youngest daughter.

'The remainder of her dress consisted of two pair of pantaloons, neatly buttoned round the tops of her ears, and elegantly attached by a golden strap of unwoven silk, to the axletree of the middle-aged gentleman's horse.

'The third individual, last mentioned, was an old gentleman of about twenty-two, whose venerable features disclosed the livid hue of the Siberian negro. His bald head was profusely covered with long silver locks of sandy jet, and which he had evidently lost during a severe attack of sea-sickness, caught from the next-door neighbor, who resided several blocks from him in the country. He also was richly attired in the same manner as the lady, being clothed in a worn-out frock-coat which was secured by straps under his boots.

'His feet were bare, and, save his gloves, he had no garments to shield him from the balmy atmosphere. He had lost both arms just above his collar-bone, and was constrained to wear crutches. This, added to his total blindness, rendered him an object of general admiration.'

The writer closes with, 'To be continued in a *former* number.' - - - The following will 'explain itself.' As a parody it is very clever:

'I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the perfumed air
Of the sweetest spicy herb that's given
To sorrowing mortals under heaven?
Poesy dwells in the burning cup
From whence the incense curleth up,
Sending to heaven forms more fair
Than ever had their dwelling there;
Beings more delicately wrought
Than ever crossed a poet's thought.
The artist's pencil ne'er portrayed
Fancies such as smoke has made:
Nor could the sculptor ever mould
Such images of marble cold,
As those that from the blue wreaths grow,
And round my pipe their halo throw.
My dear old pipe has given birth
To things more bright than are of earth,
And forms the loveliest spirit might
Well envy from her throne of light;
Dancing like the sun-beam's smile
That breaks through sorrow's cloud awhile,
Then vanishing almost e'er seen,
Proving that life is but a dream,
And pleasures fast away do glide,
As smoke that doth in ether ride,
Whose spiral fairy wreaths are fraught
With many-colored dreams of thought.
Thus musing in my old arm-chair,
Puffing misfortunes into air,
I watch the cloud of visions fair
That hover nigh, then burst in air,
And dazzle still the longing eye
As they are wafted to the sky.
Ever chased by the sunny smile
Of other shapes and forms divine,
Whose beautiful and joyous scenes
Deck that glorious wreath with dreams;
And while the balmy breath I sip,
Kissing my old pipe's welcome lip,
And trace the fleecy clouds that sail,

Floating like a shadowy veil,
I cannot wonder that thy breath
Is loved by every son of earth:
The poor man's pride, the rich man's pleasure,
Thou art, sweet weed, to all a treasure;
The richest of all precious plants,
Prized by the world's inhabitants,
In every land that looks upon
The golden beams of the bright sun.
Cool sherbet and the loved chibouque
Are the luxuries of the Turk,
As presage of that endless bliss
The faithful have in paradise.
What though soft and sweet be the tone
Of his loved and beautiful one;
Could any earthly forms compare
To heaven and the Hours there,
The lustre of whose diamond eyes
Lights up the palace of the skies,
And from that holy, pure expanse
Welcomes the Mussulman's advance?
Those orbs as bright as the gazelle's,
And bosom like the ocean swells;
Whose pouting lips, if slightly curled
By pride, might win or lose a world!
Such dimpled cheeks and ivory neck
Man's firmest purposes would check;
He sees the fond hopes of his soul
Thick clustering round the Hookah's bowl,
And hails the blessed power to lull
Sorrow, and raise the beautiful.
The Meerschmum, too, born of the sea,
Is but an altar raised to thee;
From whose prolific mouth doth rise
Gossamer forms to greet the skies;
Fleecy clouds, whose brilliant flashes,
Like the phoenix, spring from ashes.
On barbaric and classic ground
Will ay thy worshippers be found.
Thou, fragrant plant, wert made to bless
Man in his hours of loneliness.

'Old smokers' will like this. - - - 'ELDER P —, who whilom preached in a certain town of this 'ked'ntry,' was so notorious for his queer phrases and very odd comparisons, that it finally behoved the 'deacons' to remonstrate with him. The elder admitted the justice of the charge brought against him; promised to amend his speech henceforward; and hoped that his failings, grievous though they were, would not be the cause of any dimi-

nution in their brotherly regard for him; 'for, brethren,' said he, 'we always have hitched horses so far, and I hope we may hitch horses hereafter in the stables of eternal glory!' - - - In order to hitch the present number to our subscribers on the Pacific, by the California steamer of the twentieth of February, several book-notices, a tribute to the late lamented Judge CHARLTON, with several subsections of our own and the 'Little People's Gossip,' had to 'remain over' until our next.

Little People's Side Table.

'I BELIEVE you *do* like children, even if they are not your own. Did you ever teach school? I did once, 'out west.' A precious time I had of it, too; half boys and, consequently, half girls. One day I reprimanded them for playing together. Out spoke a little 'chap' of four:

'What harm is there in playing with the girls, I'd like to know?'

'Another wee fellow was learning to read in a picture-primer. He commenced one morning, 'H-E-N.' Well, what does that spell? It puzzled him; but after ogling at the picture a moment, his face suddenly brightened, and, looking up triumphantly, he ejaculated,

'Rooster!'

'Another, at another time, happened to be reading of the curious skin of an elephant.

'Did you ever see an elephant's skin?' I asked.

'I have!' shouted a little 'six-year-old' at the foot of the class.

'Where?' I asked, quite amused at his earnestness.

'On the elephant!' said he, with a most provoking grin.

'He had *seen* 'the elephant,' that boy, young as he was.'

'A LITTLE boy came in one morning, with his eyes wide open, and inquired if the Chinese stood on their heads.

'No,' I answered, somewhat surprised at the question: 'why?'

'Cause,' said he, 'JIM BROWN says they live under us, on the other side of the world, and I do n't see how they stick, any how.'

'A LITTLE fellow, from four to five years old, having perforated the knee of his trousers, was intensely delighted with a patch his grand-mamma had applied. He would sit and gaze upon it in a state of remarkable admiration; and in one of these moods suddenly exclaimed:

'Grand-ma must put one on t' other knee, and *two behind*, like EDDY SMITH'S.'

'If the boy lives, he will beat Gov. MARCY, two to one.'

'A NEW-COMER' into a family is generally a matter of wonder to the infantile mind. 'Where did it come from?' 'Who brought it?' are questions always asked by children at such times. A few months since we had a darling babe born. Our little ones were filled with astonishment. Question after question was asked, but there was no satisfying their curiosity. Nothing short of positive certainly would suit them. The matter was talked over with each other. At last a little son, just turned of eight years, solved the mystery of the 'wee thing's' birth.

'Angels had taken him in their arms, and dropped him into the doctor's house, and he had brought him to us!'

'No,' said a charming daughter of five summers, 'the baby was found in a basket of flowers, or else in a bed of roses!'

'How will age and experience take away from these innocent children all that now seems so mysterious, and plunge them into mysteries which can never be solved this side of heaven!'

'ONE of the prattlers of our family once said, on first observing the moon :

'Oh! there is a lamp in the sky.'

'A baby brother, looking up the other evening and seeing Venus beside the moon, told his nurse that 'there was a little star, and the moon was the father of it.'

'THIS morning the brightest of my little flock, a darling boy, who has only numbered three and a half years, was walking with his nurse; as they approached a small ice-pond which is near the house, she told him that he must never go near that pond.

'Why not?' (Children must always have a reason given them for every assertion.)

'Because,' she replied, 'GEORGEY, you would get drowned, and then I should feel so bad!'

'Then, ELIZA, I would not speak to you, but I'd go up to heaven.'

'I should feel so sorry for that,' replied the nurse; 'I should cry—for what should I do without GEORGEY?'

'He stood in a thoughtful posture for a moment, and then turning around, he says :

'ELIZA, just you jump in and drown yourself, and come up to heaven, and I will let you in!'

'A LITTLE girl here, after repeating her usual prayer which her sick mother had taught her, asked if she might say 'words of her own.' Leave being given, she went on :

'O LORD! don't let my ma die, nor my pa, nor gran'-pa, nor gran'-ma, nor any of my uncles and aunts, or any of my cousins; and don't let our hired girl die; but, O LORD, you may let who else die you are a mind to!'

'I WAS amused, and perhaps you will be, at a remark of a four-year *youngster* of my acquaintance. He has a brother, a few months old, that he is particularly fond of. A few days ago, a visitor told him she wanted to take BABY home with her, and his permission. 'No,' said he, 'we can't spare him; but I'll tell you what to do—ask God! He'll tell you how to get one *exactly* like him.'

'IN our household, is a bright little boy of six years. A few days since, one of the family, in the course of a 'talk' with him, made some remark about 'fighting-men.' SAMMY answered, 'Men that fight are wicked.' He was asked if Gen. WASHINGTON was a wicked man? SAMMY instantly asked 'if Gen. WASHINGTON was not a soldier?' 'Yes.' 'Well, soldiers have to fight!'

'A LITTLE nephew of mine, a 'five-year-old,' whose mind was running on holiday subjects, said to his father :

'Papa! does SANTA CLAUS travel all over the world at Christmas?'

'Yes, my son,' was the answer.

'I should n't think he'd go to Africa,' said the child.

'Why not?' he was asked.

'Why, because they have *got no stockings there!*'

'OUR little 'EDDY' sometimes says queer things: most little boys of two years of age do. A few nights ago, having just finished a 'famous' piece of pie, of which he is very fond, he was summoned by his mother to 'say his prayers' and go to bed. Kneeling at her side, he repeated after her that heaven-taught petition, 'Our FATHER which art in Heaven,' etc., until she came to the passage, 'Give us this day our daily bread,'—when, raising his head, and looking up into her face, he said :

'Oh, no, Mother!—*pie!*—say PIE!'

'HERE is part of a letter which I have just received from a daughter nine years old, who is now at boarding-school; placed there, because she was one of those who know *too much* to live at home :

'MY DEAR FATHER: I was very glad to hear from you and hear you was well; but I was not a bit glad to hear that mother had a baby, because it was a boy. I should be very glad if it was a little girl, but I hate boys worse than ever. Now, I am going to tell you what you ought to name him. I am going to choose a homely name, because I don't think boys ought to have pretty names.

Boys are squealing all the time. You don't have one minute's peace while there is a boy-baby in the house; but when you have a baby-sister in the house, you never hear it cry. Name him PETER; that is good enough for a boy. You must excuse me for writing so much about boys: the reason I write so much about boys is because I don't like them.'

'Don't you think she bids fair to be a perfect 'Woman's-Right' woman?'

'Our folks' have all been delighted with the rich religious developments of 'infant minds' furnished by your Editor's TABLE. Their perusal has called to mind some incidents in the history of our juveniles.

'When 'our 'Gus,' was a 'three-year-old,' he had been for some days anticipating with great delight a visit to his grand-parents, who resided a half-day's ride from our home. But it stormed day after day, so that he could not go; until 'hope deferred' made his little heart sick. As his mother saw him to his bed, she bade him repeat his usual prayer; which he did, with a slight *variation*, as follows:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the LORD my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the LORD my soul to take
To Danbury, to-morrow morning!'

'WILLIE was less than two years old, but he had been taught to lisp the words of the LORD's Prayer, without, apparently, a 'realizing consciousness' of their import, until one evening he repeated, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when he looked up archly, and said he did not want any more supper. He was told to pray for to-morrow, when he repeated again, 'Give us this day our daily bread, *and pie, too, Gran'ma:*' and ever after, he chose to interline his prayers with requests for his favorite articles of food.'

'FREDDY, although but two and a half years old, was quite a logician, and frequently startled us by his sage remarks. He had been sick and confined within doors for some days. On Sabbath morning, the sun shone brightly after a long storm; and with great glee he told his mother that he was *well*, and should run out on the piazza, should ride with GEORGE the coachman to the cars, should walk in the streets, and enjoy himself in a variety of ways. His mother told him it was the Sabbath, and he must remain quietly in the house. After a moment's serious reflection, he said:

'I wish there were no Sabbaths, for they are they are the worstest days in the week. They don't have no walk, no ride in the coach, no train of cars, no play, and no nothing. If I was at Grand-pa's, I could see the lambs, the calves, and the chickens; but I had just as lief be sick as well here, on the Sabbath.'

'He continued his complaints for some time, in the same serio-comical strain, half laughing and half crying, when his mother turned her face from him to hide her smiles. Mistaking her emotion, he said:

'I know it is sinful, Mother, to say so, but Sabbath *is* the worstest day; and there ain't a single week but one comes *tagging along* to plague me, and keep me from my play.'

'I HAVE a little boy named EDWARD, of whom numberless anecdotes are told. I confine myself to the following, which I regard as worthy of a place on your side-table. Last summer, when he was about three years old, a certain July day, hot and sultry, wound up its operations with a grand finale, in the shape of a terrific thunder-storm. I was rather busy over your latest, and at the nearest window our little golden-haired 'joy of the household' stood, contemplating with interest the progress of the storm. Suddenly a flash of lightning, of excessive brilliancy, burst from the cloud, and lightened up the room; and I heard the little boy exclaim in ecstasies:

'Oh Pa! just come, and see the rain-bow winking!'

'A GRANDSON of the present Governor of Virginia, a child of some four or five summers, was on a visit to his maternal grand-father, who is a wealthy landholder in Ohio. One day, after making his first visit to a Sabbath-school, and being duly impressed with the religious lessons taught there, he took his grand-father down on the farm to show

and gather the fruit of a large walnut-tree, which was ripe and ready for the harvest. On the way, the little fellow, with the philosophy which 'reads sermon in stones,' said:

'Grand-pa, who does all these woods and fields belong to?'

'Why,' said the matter-of-fact gentleman, 'to me.'

'No, Sir,' emphatically responded the child, 'they belong to God.'

The grand-father said nothing till they reached the richly-laden tree, when he said:

'Well, my boy, whom does this tree belong to?'

This was a poser, and for a moment the boy hesitated; but, casting a longing look upon the nuts, he replied:

'Well, Grand-father, the tree belongs to God, but the walnuts are ours.'

A LITTLE girl of five years was one day much delighted with a small basket which had been presented to her. Her sister, some two years older, wanted to hang it on her own arm, and take a little walk. Miss, of course, objected to this, and said she wanted to carry her own basket, 'or every body will think it's yours.'

'No,' said the elder, 'if any one asks, I will tell them it is yours.'

'Yes,' replied the child, indignantly, 'if we meeted some little fool that says 'Whose is that?' why, you will tell them; but nice people do n't ask such questions; and so every little fool will know it's mine, and all the nice people will think it's yours!'

And so she very wisely refused to be cajoled by such a flimsy pretext.

I HAVE a little boy, who made me laugh a few mornings ago. He had heard me reading, in the BIBLE, CHRIST's declaration to PETER: 'Get thee behind me, SATAN;,' and also, that 'Man should not live by bread alone,' etc. There was evidently but a confused notion of the matter in his little brain; and when his mother set his breakfast before him, I overheard the following:

'My son, you were so late in rising, this morning, that I have nothing left for your breakfast, but bread-and-butter.'

'Mamma, I do n't like bread-and-butter!'

'Yes, my child, but you should think how many poor little boys there are who cannot get food of *any* kind, and be very thankful that you can get this.'

'But, Mamma, did n't I hear Papa reading how that CHRIST said unto SATAN, 'Man shall not live by bread-and-butter alone?'

And the serious air with which it was uttered, formed no small part of the ludicrous character of the scene.

I am much pleased with the juvenile portion of your 'Gossip,' and hope it may be continued. The little folks often amuse me more than any grown children can. I would not lose all my childhood as I grow old. Leave me, at least, the ability to love children, and to sympathize in all their interests, cares, and enjoyments.'

A DEAR little girl, between six and seven years old, wrote, from the country, the following letter to her father in town. There is something comical in the idea of 'jumping over the moon for joy,' at hearing that her parents, who had been ill, had recovered. Moreover, her delight at seeing the sun rise, and her doubt as to whether her father, a New-Yorker, had ever witnessed that phenomenon, is especially amusing:

Hempstead, Feb. 1, 1854.

'MY DEAR OLD FADER AND MUDDER: I hope you are well, and you must come up and see us. JULIA and I are knitting. I was so glad to hear that you and Ma was better, that I came near Jumping over the Moon. I have been with JULIA to Miss W—— to-day to practice singing. I have seen the Sun rise several times. Did you ever see it, Pa? Oh, what Pretty sight it is! I hope you won't get the small Pox. I have had a nice time with JULIA. Does HENRY want to hear me sing yet? does NELLY walk yet? I will come and make you a little visit one of these days, and sing for you. We got the basket safe and Oh how good those Apples were! Grandma thanks you very much. We all send much love to you all—Particular NELLY. I received your good long letter. from your runaway
HARRY V——.'

BEFORE woman's-rights had progressed as far as they now have, a little girl, one day at play, wanted a younger sister to take the least responsible duty of the play-house, and be mother; but the youngest, an embryo woman's-right woman, preferred the part of father; for, said she, 'Mothers have to cook and wash, and nurse the baby, while fathers only just put a cigar in their mouth, and their hands in their pockets, and walk

up street.' This evinced considerable observation for a child of three years: and, in fact, older people have seen something of the same sort.'

'A VERY little girl, young enough to sleep in a crib by the bed of her parents, awoke one night, when the full moon was shining into her bed-room, and calling to her father, she exclaimed:

'Father! Father! God has forgot to blow the moon out! Won't you open the window, and let me blow it out?'

'Another little girl, of nearly the same age, and living very near to her, was found one evening alone in her mother's bed-room, when she very quietly remarked to her mother:

'I have been having a *season of prayer* for the poor children at the Five-Points.'

'Will not such prayers go up higher than many others from older persons?'

'I HAVE a couple of little nieces — twins — so much alike, as to render a distinction impossible to any but their parents. I remember once teaching one of them a lesson in the catechism. I commenced with the question: "Who made you?"

'She replied correctly: "God."

'Why did he make you?'

'A correct reply, again.

'In whose image and likeness did he make you?'

'Why,' says she, speaking very quick, '*He made me the very image and likeness of my sister Clara!*'

Brief Notices of New Publications.

THERE are few readers who take an interest in the subject of Geology, but will welcome a volume from the house of PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY, Boston, by President HITCHCOCK, of Amherst College, (Mass.) entitled '*An Outline of the Geology of the Globe, and the United States in Particular.*' The author is known, as an eminent geologist, in both hemispheres, by his work on 'Elementary Geology.' There are two geological maps, which teach more, by a few moments' inspection, than many pages of letter-press. Sketches are also given of characteristic American fossils.

'*The Coin-Collector's Manual,*' from BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY, will be a *vade-mecum* to the numismatic student in forming a cabinet of coins. It comprises an historical and critical account of the origin and progress of coinage, from the earliest period to the fall of the Roman Empire, together with an account of the coinages of modern Europe, and especially of Great Britain. It contains upward of one hundred and fifty illustrations, on wood and steel. The information embodied in the work is copious and accurate, and yet clear of technicalities and minutiae. Its arrangement is strictly chronological. It begins with the first indications of positive coinage among the Greeks, gives the general state of the Greek coinage at the decline of the kingdoms of the Macedonian empire, the Roman coinage, and after the fall of the 'mistress of the world,' that of modern Europe. And, what is a great merit, the matter is so arranged as to present itself in a *reading* form, instead of in dry catalogues. A series of indexes at the end, essential for reference, leave nothing to be desired in a work of this description.

MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, have issued a new and complete edition of the '*Poetical Works of John Milton,*' under the careful editorship of Professor CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND, of Philadelphia. The work embraces a life of the author, preliminary dissertations on each poem, notes critical and explanatory, an index to the subjects of 'Paradise Lost,' and a verbal index to all the poems. The whole is a most successful attempt to make the poems of MILTON more widely circulated, intelligently read, and wisely appreciated.